

N. Lewis 1756
100s Coffee THE HOUSE DEC 14

Robin-Hood Society:

A

S A T I R E.

WITH

NOTES VARIORUM.

By PETER POUNCE, Esq;

*Dii, quibus Imperium est Animarum Umbraeque silentes,
Et Chaos, et Phlegethon, Loca Nocte silentia late,
Sit mihi fas audita loqui, sit Numine vestro,
Pandere Res alta Terra et Caligine mersas.*

VIRG.

L O N D O N:

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MDCCCLVI.

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THE
Robin-Hood Society:

A
S A T I R I C A L

WITH
NOTES VARIORUM

BY
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PETER BOURNE

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WINDS

Printed by W. H. B. ...
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TO THE
Reverend Mr. ROMAINÉ.

REVEREND SIR,



WHEN I first compos'd the following Piece, I was at a Loss to whom I should address it ; but the frequent Censures, the SOCIETY, which is the Subject of it, has since met with from your Pen, induced me to think, that no one was more proper to patronize my Lays than yourself. The same Cause, the great and glorious Cause of RELIGION and VIRTUE that animates YOUR Pen, and breathes in

DEDICATION.

in all your Discourses, has also occasioned this SATIRE ; and if by Means of your generous Protection, it shall either prove the Overthrow of this INFIDEL-ACADEMY, or deter One Christian from its pernicious Roof, my Pains in Writing it will be amply recompensed, and the End I proposed sufficiently answered : And tho' I did not think proper to prefix My Name as its Author, but substituted a fictitious one in its Stead, yet I shall ever be proud of an Opportunity, to shew my Love of REVEALED RELIGION, by opposing its Adversaries, and my Esteem for You, by subscribing myself,

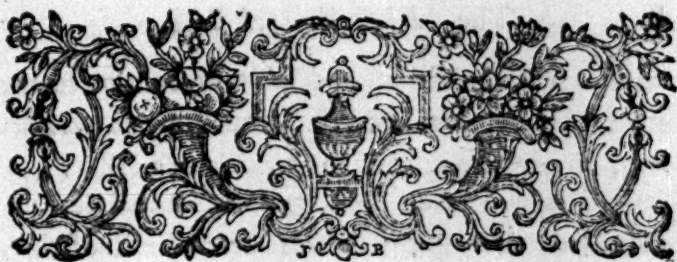
S I R,

Your most Obedient Servant,

London, May
27, 1756.

RICHARD LEWIS.

THE



T H E
P R E F A C E.



S in all Probability, a great many of my Readers, may be surprized that a Society of Men, should be attacked and exposed in this public Manner, I think it is a Duty absolutely incumbent upon me, to assign my Reasons for so doing.

A *Love of Truth*, an Abhorrence of *impious* Practices, with the repeated Sollicitations and Importunities of my Friends, for my delineating to all those who are un-acquainted with the ROBIN-HOOD SOCIETY, but by Hear-say, the several Oratorial Characters of its Members, and the wicked and detestable Principles they so publicly profess, that they may meet with that Contempt and Indignation, from the good and considerate Part of Mankind they so justly merit, are the sole Causes, by which I have been prevailed upon to communicate, and make public that Piece to the World, which was primarily intended as an

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wholsom

wholsom Admonition, and salutary Caution to my particular Friends, against frequenting so *scandalous*, so *shameless*, and so *pernicious* a Place: A Place, where the most *profane* Principles are defended, the most *vile* and *beterodox* Doctrines maintained, the most *blasphemous* Speeches pronounced, the most *absurd* and *ridiculous* Opinions propagated, and the greatest Fallacies supported by the most consummate *Impudence*.

THAT I may not be charged with an ill-conceived Prejudice, or ungrounded Prepossession against the SOCIETY, or with an Exaggeration of its evil Tendency, I do solemnly declare, that I have not in any one Instance, or particular *Anecdote* concerning it, swerved from the real Truth; but am greatly concerned, and extremely sorry, that any Society of Men in a Land of Freedom and Liberty should so far abuse it, as to give any Author an Occasion of speaking such disagreeable, yet uncontested and unanswerable Truths, which to those unacquainted with this *pernicious Assembly* of Men, may appear bold Surmises, rash Conjectures, and slanderous Reports.

THE many Mischiefs, the great Evils, and terrible Consequences, a Society founded on such a Basis as the ROBIN-HOOD, is big with, are so obvious, that there is scarce a periodical Paper of any Note, which has not thought it worthy of their Notice, and a proper Object of judicious Raillery from their Wit, and of repeated Clamours from

from the Friends of Religion, and true Patrons of Mankind in general.

I think proper also to declare, that I have no private Quarrel or personal Pique against any Member of the SOCIETY; having never conceived so good an Opinion of them, as to cultivate an Intimacy with them. Impartiality therefore, and the strictest Truth may reasonably be expected from one, who is neither swayed by Passion, biased by Prejudice, or agitated by any sinister Views; and who does not pretend to say any Thing of their private Characters, as Members of the Community, but with Regard only to their Capacities as Orators, Politicians, Logicians, Metaphysicians, Theologists, &c. &c.

If any of my Readers, moved by this Delineation of so pernicious a Society, should be persuaded to enquire its Character of the Intelligent and Judicious, and from the *contemptible* Light in which it is always viewed by the Friends of Reason and Religion, should, on that Account, be induced to forsake it; or if they have never Personally observed the Procedure of this NOTORIOUS SOCIETY, should be content, on my Description of it, to employ that Time they would bestow in frequenting it, in carefully perusing the Bishop of LONDON, Dr. WARBURTON, or Dr. NEWTON's excellent Works, I may certainly, without being guilty of Arrogancy or Vanity, lay Claim to some Share of Merit; since the Method I propose and recommend, will point out to them the Road to

Knowledge, Virtue and Happiness ; will improve their Minds, adorn their Understandings, and mend their Morals : The other, in all Probability, will envelop them in the dark Clouds of *Ignorance*, bewilder them in the puzzling and intricate Mazes of *Sophistry* and *Error*, and lead them in the gloomy Scenes, the inextricable Paths, and unfathomable Depths of *Misery* and *Scepticism*.

HERE let me be indulged in observing the Uncomfortable, and Melancholy Prospect, which appears in the obscure and disagreeable Scenes of Infidelity. No chearful Smile appears upon their Brow. No Ray of Comfort dwells within their Minds. No divine Beam of Light, darts its radiant Lustre, to the dark Recesses of their desponding Souls. The virtuous Chearfulness of the Good and Upright, can never penetrate *his* obdurate Breast. Hence it happens, as Mr. ADDISON, in one of his *Spectators* justly observes, that “ *Atheism* and *Infidelity* are ever Strangers “ to the serene and tranquil State of Mind “ which the *Christian* enjoys.”—How, therefore, a SOCIETY like the ROBIN-HOOD, tending to this unhappy and miserable End, should be tolerated, I cannot conceive. I have often heard a great many People, Strangers to the SOCIETY, express a great Surprise, at hearing its being countenanced by any rational Being ; and, for my own Part, I am really astonished, that so public a *Nuisance* is connived at. Is it not surprising, that People should waste and squander away their precious Time,

The P R E F A C E.

Time, in frequenting an ignominious Receptacle of the Profane, the Impious and the Vulgar? Nay, does it not raise our Admiration, and excite our Wonder, that a Man of Common Sense should spend the Evening, in hearing the idle, the insignificant Chat, the absurd, the preposterous Discourse, the nonsensical, and ungrammatical Speeches of a Parcel of Taylors, Barbers, Butchers and Shoemakers, who associate together in an illegal Manner to ridicule Religion, scoff at Morality, rail at the Ministry, and bid Defiance to all Things Sacred and Divine?

BUT if we trace the Cause to its true Source, I apprehend it will appear sufficiently obvious: And I take it to arise from an insatiable Curiosity which has possessed the Minds of Mankind, who, having heard of the SOCIETY of *Deists*, &c. in the *Butcher-Row*, are willing to see a Place which has so much attracted the Public Notice. This, I can with Certainty, and of my own Knowledge declare, that many People residing in the Country, having been surprised to hear of the uncommon Boldness, and unprecedented Effrontery of a Parcel of Men, meeting together to endeavour the Extirpation of the best Religion in the World, and traduce, and inveigh against the Government, and—can I speak it?—affront even Majesty itself; they have scarcely credited the Report; but, to be certain of its Truth, they have been induced, when in Town, to go there, to see if in Reality, there was such a So-

CIETY

CIETY existing. Nay, let me be not ashamed of confessing my own Frailty ; it was this very Cause which induced me to go. I had heard of heterodox Principles, and unaccountable Doctrines, being not only maintained, but publicly defended, and *Atheists, Deists, Arians, Socinians, Roman-Catholics*, and—in short, all Sects and Sorts of Men, meeting there every *Monday Night*, to debate upon Religion, Politics, and other Topics ; but could not believe, they would dare to be so bold, as to condemn *Religion*, censure the *Ministry*, and *calumniate* some of the greatest Characters amongst us, 'till I went with a Friend, and found it even *worse* than had been represented to me.

ON looking into the Book of Questions which is kept for the Reception of such as are approved of by this—FAMOUS—Society, I found, it was no unusual Thing to doubt of the Truth of all *Religion*, and that of CHRISTIANITY in particular ; that Questions concerning the Veracity of Facts recorded in the Old and New Testament, Doubts concerning the *Resurrection*, the *Incarnation*, the *Trinity*, (their everlasting Butt) were no uncommon Things : That Queries concerning the Authenticity of the *Sacred Scriptures*, the Validity of its Evidence, the Truth of our *Blessed Saviour's* Miracles, and even the Worth and Excellency of his Doctrines were very frequent. On the other Hand, with Respect to Political Questions, they were more cautious of Wording them, but when they

they were debated, the utmost Freedom of Remarks, and Liberty of Speech were exerted. No Awe or Tye seemed sufficient to restrain that all-defaming Instrument of Scandal, the Tongue, from the greatest Licentiousness of Speech. No Consideration could deter such profligate Wretches from venting their Indignation against the *Church* and the *Legislature*. In a Word, they appeared abandoned to so great a Degree, that, like the stiff-necked Generation, the *Jews* of old, mentioned in the 78th PSALM, they were given up to all Manner of Wickedness.

I CANNOT forbear taking Notice of a Question debated in the SOCIETY about five Months ago, which is manifestly a Personal Reflection, and abusive Treatment of a Gentleman, of as truly valuable a Disposition as a good Husband, a sincere Friend, and in every Respect, an imitative Exemplar in private Life, as for his excellent Qualifications and noble Endowments both as a Clergyman and a Scholar. The Question ran thus; —“ Whether the Author of the 107th Psalm “ has not done more *Disservice* to *Christianity* “ than my Lord BOLINGBROKE ?” When this Question came to be debated, there were more virulent Speeches thrown out by each of the Speakers against this Gentleman, than I ever heard before, upon any Occasion. Downright Falsties, and unjust Aspersions, both on his public Character, as a Defender of *Christianity*, and on his private one, as a Member of the Community, were vented
by

by these opprobrious and public *Pests* of Society. I am very sorry, I am obliged to take Notice of one Gentleman in particular, who is reputed a Man of excellent Faculties, and a good Scholar, who always, when in Town, attends this pernicious Assembly, altho' he has the Honour of bearing the *Sacred Function*.

THIS Gentleman spoke so bitterly, and inveighed with so cruel and malicious a Pleasure against his *Reverend Brother*, that I was extremely sorry to see the Spirit of Scandal and Detraction, reign in his Bosom, with so despotic a Sway; and could not but apply to him what *Horace* says of this odious and detestable Vice;

*Absentem qui rodit Amicum;
 Qui non defendit, alió culpante; solutos
 Qui captat Risus Hominum, Famamque, dicacis;
 Fingere qui non visa potest; commissa tacere
 Qui nequit; hic NIGER est: hunc tu ROMANE,
 caveto.*

I was so surprized, at the Ignorance, the Impudence, and the Iniquity of a Set of *Mechanics*, associating together for so vile an End as to defame and calumniate private Characters, ridicule the Clergy, and inveigh against the Legislature; that I began to think, as they did, that our Laws were indeed very defective;—but it was, in not suppressing such a scandalous and wicked Society; and that, if we had no Laws or Statutes to prevent

vent such pernicious Associations, the ROBIN-HOOD SOCIETY might, in Reality, frame some new ones towards the Regulation, and well-Government of the People. This worthy Species of Lawgivers, frequently exert themselves in their several Capacities, of abrogating some of our Laws, amending others, and making new ones. Mr. *Bulcalf* slays our antient formal Statutes, whenever a Question of that Kind is started; Mr. *Brusb*, the famous Orator there, delineates and sketches out some new ones; Mr. *Tonsor* weaves them into a *System*, and if any Defect appears therein, Mr. *Buckram* exerts his Abilities, and stitches it up.

I WAS, however, soon convinced, that it was not owing to the Fault of the *Legislative*, but to the *Executive* Power, that so *illegal* a Society was connived at. It has been a trite Remark, that no Government in *Europe*, has so good Laws as *England*, and none so badly executed: Now, tho' I am far from allowing this, to be an infallible and uncontestable Observation, but am, on the contrary, convinced that the Assertion is as false and foolish in itself, as it is often falsely and foolishly repeated, yet with Respect to Societies meeting together, and debating so freely as to be termed Blasphemy, as at the ROBIN-HOOD, I am sorry to acknowledge it is but too true. I have been told indeed, that a very learned and eminent Divine *, has several Times declared, that he thought the ROBIN-HOOD SOCIETY a public Nuisance, as he

* Dr. H——y, Bishop of W——r.

was of Opinion, it had a natural Tendency to corrupt the Minds, and alienate the Affections of those who frequent it, from Religion and Virtue, and to make them dissatisfied with, and censure the Government. Upon the Representation of this truly worthy Divine, to the late Secretary of State, he was pleased to go to the ROBIN-HOOD to see if it was of such a Nature, as to endanger Religion, or embroil the State, by their seditious Discourses and Debates, concerning *Monarchy*, the *Ministry*, and other *Political* Topics, as much beyond their Investigation, as *Christianity* is foreign to their Reception, and the Precepts of it, to their Practice. That Night however, the Question was relating to *Commerce*, so that they had no Opportunity of displaying their Oratorical Faculties in attacking *Religion*, or railing at the *Government*.

THAT no Person may plead Ignorance of the Penalty and Punishments inflicted on Delinquents of this Sort, I think it incumbent upon me to take Notice that we have several Acts in Force against them, particularly that mentioned in LAMB. EIREN. LIB. 1. Cap. 19. and WEST. SYMB. Part 2. Sect. 65, where it is said, " That where an
 " Assembly of Men meet together to do any un-
 " lawful Act of what Kind soever, they are pu-
 " nishable by the *Civil Officers*." And in 1. HAWK. Cap. 198. it is declared, " That all Offences,
 " tending to the *Subversion of Religion and Mora-*
 " *lity*, are punishable by the *Temporal Judges*, either
 " by

“ by Fine or Imprisonment.” But in the ninth and tenth Stat. of *W. III. Cap. 32. Sect. 1.* it is much more full and express: For there it is enacted, “ That that Person who denies the *Holy Trinity*, or who denies any of the Persons in the *Holy Trinity* to be God, or who denies the *Christian Religion* to be true, or the *Holy Scriptures* of the *Old and New Testament* to be of *Divine Authority*, shall, on Conviction, be rendered incapable to enjoy any Office, or Employment, Ecclesiastical, Civil, or Military, and suffer Imprisonment,” with other Punishments therein mentioned.

Now, though I am a very great Enemy to *Persecution* of all Kinds, yet I am a Lover of *even-banded Justice*, as SHAKESPEAR phrases it; and *that*, I think should be impartially dispensed where Offences subsist. A great many weak and ignorant People, cannot so well regulate their Ideas as to view the essential Difference, and manifest Contrariety between *Justice* and *Persecution*. Where Justice is, with an impartial Hand, administred and executed upon all People guilty of Misdemeanors, in *Religion* especially, there, the Weak, and the Ignorant, brand it with the odious Name of *Persecution*: But I beg Leave to observe, that where great Crimes, and heinous Trespasses, appear obvious to every one, and the Committers of them escape the Hand of Justice; there a misguided Lenity, and ill-timed Mercy, degenerates into Folly; and those that should punish such Crimes

plainly appear either as *Abettors* or *Connivers* of them.

THAT the ROBIN-HOOD SOCIETY is a Place of this Sort, is but too notorious and evident. How, therefore, a SOCIETY, instituted in *Opposition* to our *Constitutional* and *Salutary Laws*, and conducted in a *Shameless* and *Scandalous* Manner, should escape the Rod of Justice, and the Scourge of Law, is to me amazing! It must be owing, either to the Negligence and Remissness of the Officers of Justice, or to the general Corruption and Degeneracy of the Age. I hope it is not owing to the latter Cause: I trust it is not. I should be very sorry to see BRITONS arrived to so great an Indifference, as to view, with open Eyes and unaffected Hearts, an Assembly of Men associating together in a wicked Manner, in Defiance of our Laws, and committing the most iniquitous Practices, without shewing a proper Warmth, and becoming Repentment. Not to be warm on such an Occasion would be *Cowardice*; not to resent such a Violation and Infringement of our Laws, would argue the greatest *Depravity of Mind*. In this pernicious SOCIETY, no Man's private Character is safe from the malicious and poisonous Darts of *Scandal*; no Person's public Reputation can be secured from the tainted and pestilential Breath of *Malice*: Neither indeed are any *Ministerial* Measures taken, but are here misrepresented, and, of Course, censured, by the contagious and iniquitous

ous Tongues of Ignorance, Folly, and Wick-
edness.

I HOPE it will not be long before a Stop is put to the Proceedings of this SOCIETY. It is what has been long wished for, by great and good Men. I am inclined to believe, from what I have heard a noble LORD assert concerning it, that its Reign is but Short; then "*redeunt Saturnia Regna.*" Then we shall no longer behold our *Holy Religion* scoffed at; no longer shall we hear the *Miracles* of its *divine Professor* denied; no longer hear the *Truth* of his *Doctrines* controverted, nor the *Evidence* of the *Sacred Writings* called in Question: Nor shall we hear our *Government* traduced, the *Laws* contemned, the *Ministry* ridiculed, nor their *Actions* scoffed at.

It may possibly be said, that the ROBIN-HOOD SOCIETY is not of so *pernicious* a Nature, and *iniquitous* Tendency, as I have represented it: That I have exaggerated, and stretched Things, beyond their due Proportion, and natural Limits; and have raised a Mountain of Mischief, from a Molehill of no Consequence: But in Answer to any such Remark, I do confidently affirm, that a Man that goes to the ROBIN-HOOD, is as unsafe with Regard to his *Morals*, as an honest Man is with Respect to his *Purse* in the Company of *Pick-pockets*. It is no longer ago, than last *Monday*, that I heard *such* Speeches pronounced, *such* Opinions avowed, and *such* Principles supported, as would shock the Innocent, startle the Bold, and
even

even appal the most Intrepid. It would not at all grace my Work, was I to represent their Speeches, and illustrate their Discourses, in the Manner they so boldly, and intrepidly pronounced them. I should be very much afraid the Terms they made Use of, when expressed on Paper, would so far amaze, and astonish the good natured Reader, that he would imagine, no such Speeches were spoken, and no such Principles publicly maintained; that it was *mere Delusions*, imposed upon them as *real Truths*; that it was creative Chimæras of the Author's prolific Brain; and, in short, that no such Discourses were ever spoken in the SOCIETY. However, tho' I shall not disgrace my Work in inserting the *bawdy* Jokes, the *low* Humour, and *pleasing* Fun, of these Gentlemen, yet, I shall beg Leave to inform the Reader, that, a Gentleman, remarkable for his public Abilities, as an *extraordinary* Orator, in which Character he has appeared with *uncommon* Success, and *uncommon* Applause, and by his judiciously laying a *violent* Emphasis with a *Vehemence* of Voice, and conferring most *signal* Honours, on the *important* Epithets of FOR—THE—AND—TO—and other as expressive Words, has gained the Esteem, secured the Regard, and *extorted* the Applause of all the Learned and Judicious; this worthy Gentleman, when discoursing with Mr. BAKER, last *Monday* Evening, concerning the *Attributes* of the DEITY, and the BAKER's citing Dr. SAMUEL CLARKE (a name sacred to *Religion* and *Virtue*) in Support of his

his Opinion, was pleased to assert, *that he need not quote such Authority as Dr. CLARKE; for Dr. CLARKE knew no more of the Attributes of God, than a Hackney Coachman.* This is Wit; this is Humour; this is the Way, these noble ROBIN-HOODIANS shew their Contempt of Authority: Truth, say they, is self-evident, and needs no Illustration, especially from interested Priests, zealous Bigots, or hot-brained Enthusiasts; for these, gentle Reader, are the Terms, they generously bestow, on the Religious, the Just, and the Virtuous.

IF any one doubts of the Truth of this Anecdote, I have above related, or is in Suspense concerning the Verity of any other Particular that I have related, if they will call upon me in Public, to verify and prove my Assertions; for the Satisfaction of Mankind in general, and that they may shew that *Dislike* and *Contempt* to the ROBIN-HOOD SOCIETY it *justly* merits, not only myself, but many others will be ready to attest its Truth.

I THOUGHT proper, to declare this, to my Readers, that they may not give me that Applause, I should merit, in being of so fine an *Imagination*, as to sketch out all the Incidents in the following Work, out of the *Storehouse of my own Brain*; but to consider and look upon my Piece, not as a *fabled Story*, or a mere *Non-Entity*, but as a Piece that is founded on *real Matters of Fact*, and *uncontestable Truths*.

I SHOULD here make some Apology for the Badness of the following Poem, with Respect to Deficiency

iciency of Language, Meanness of Expression, and Barrenness of Invention, but that as I am sensible, no Apology can make a bad Poem a good one, or add a Grace to what is intrinsically ungraceful, so whatever pompous Language, or flowing Compliments, bespeak the Reader's Candour and Good-nature in Favour of it, it will not, by those servile Adulations and fawning Speeches, any more merit that Praise and Applause, which it stands in Need of; and which, did it truly deserve, it would not endeavour to extort by such illicit Methods. For my Part, I shall only alledge, that blank Verse is what I am unacquainted with, this being my first Attempt in that Species of Writing, and which, as it is a juvenile Performance, I am conscious is but mean; my Design being rather to represent the *true* State and Manner of the extraordinary Debates of the ROBIN-HOOD, than to endeavour to compose a grand, noble and majestic Style, which I take to be the chief Requisite of *Blank Verse*. And if my Readers will be kind enough to consider, that as I have not in the least deviated from the *real* Method of their Disquisitions, and reflect upon the Impossibility of preserving the Dignity of Poetry, when describing the *Orators* Debates, and, finally, that it was calculated, merely for my Friends Preservative, from frequenting so *scandalous* and *pernicious* a Place, I make not the least Doubt, but Candour will be employed, and Good-Nature exercised, in excusing, and making
proper

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proper Allowances, for the Defects in the following Poem; especially when they reflect, that the Reason of its being made public, is, *to deter People from going to a WICKED and DETESTABLE PLACE, amongst a Parcel of MEAN, IMPIOUS, and ILLITERATE FELLOWS.*

London, Jan.
21, 1756.

PETER POUNCE,

D

ne. your



T H E
ROBIN-HOOD SOCIETY * :
A
S A T I R E.



Y Porter, and by Lemonade inspir'd,
The Bard nor needs the *Heliconian*
Spring,
Nor courts the Aid of the *Aonian*
Maids.

Porter

* As it is probable, that some of my Readers, may be unacquainted with the famed Society of the ROBIN-HOOD, I think it is incumbent upon me, as one of the
Comment my Entators of my worthy Kinsman PETER POUNCE, Esq., to give some little Account of the Name of his Satire.

KNOW

Porter and Lemonade !*—ye teach the Tongue
Of Ignorants, to chatter Dulness' Praise. 5

Porter and Lemonade !—how oft your Pow'r
Has taught the stamm'ring Voice of Fools to
please ;

D 2

Your

KNOW then, gentle Reader, that the ROBIN-HOOD SOCIETY is composed of eminent and ingenious Men, who meet every *Monday* Night, at the Sign of the ROBIN-HOOD and LITTLE JOHN, in *Butcher-Row*, where they have a Room appropriated for their Reception, and wherein the famed and learned Debates, which have attracted the Notice and Observation, of some of the greatest, and most learned Men amongst us, are managed and conducted. Their Disquisitions are not confined, as some other Clubs of a similar Nature are, to particular Topics ; but their *wonderful* Investigations, and *notable* Discoveries, are employed upon all Manner of Subjects and Things. *Religion* and *Politics*, indeed, have the Pre-eminence, but then, *Arts* and *Sciences*, *Trade* and *Navigation*, are also discussed, by this *illustrious* Body of Men. Every Disputant has five Minutes allowed him, to speak as *much*, or as *little* to the Purpose as he pleases. They are governed by a BAKER, who, with an engaging Gravity, and easy Dignity, impartially distributes the due *Leaven* of every Argument, exactly *weighs* each *Batch* of Sense, and carefully *sifteth* the *false Reason* and *cunning Sophistry*, from the *sound Sense* and *just Argument*.

TIMOTHY BUSBY.

* According to the antient Adage, "Tell me your
" Company, I will tell you what you are," this well-
informed

Your Aid, the *Taylor*, from his Board retir'd,
 Hath felt, and drank all Learning in the Draught.
 As the *fam'd Sage*, hath fabled, Truth immur'd 10
 At the deep Bottom of an untouch'd Well;
 So in the Bottom of the Pewter Vase,
 Each Minion of the Goddess *Dulness*, deems

informed Bard, appeareth inclinable to deduce the Nature of the Oratory of this SOCIETY from the Liquors used by them: And right well seemeth this his quaint Surmise: For it is an undoubted Truth, that the different Diets of Mankind, may well account for the Difference in their Composition. The Vivacity of a FRENCHMAN, and the Heaviness of a GERMAN, are easily deduced from this Principle. And it is observable, that among the Orators of this SOCIETY, those who quaff Porter, generally speak with great Gravity, unmeaning Solemnity, and un-interrupted Dullness; while, on the other Hand, those who drink Lemonade, are impertinently witty, unseasonably smart, and acutely ridiculous. This recalleth to Mind, a trite Observation of the tippling Philosophers of old, who seem'd to place All Knowledge in *Drinking*. This Maxim, is still retained, by the ROBIN-HOODIANS, their Descendants, who never speak till they have drank, and by their hearty Pulls, seem to be Disciples of the Philosopher, who asserted, "That Truth was hid at the Bottom of a Well;" only with this Difference, that *they* think, *she* is close to the Bottom of the Tankard, and are willing to empty it in order to catch her. But this Sentiment seemeth better express'd in the flowing Numbers of the Poet, to which I refer the Reader.

HEARNE,

Reason

Reason immerg'd, and swills until he finds it.
 Ye Streams of *Helicon*, no more invite! 15
Pierian Fountains, ye no more inchant!
 Nor ye, *chaste Muses*, any longer charm!
 To *Porter's* heavy Fluid ye must yield;
 Or to the acid *Lemonade* submit.

NEAR to the Gate * where dire Rebellion's
 Sons, 20
 Victims to Law, expose their *brainless Heads* †,
 Where

* Some Copies read, *near to NEWGATE*, and tho' they are more numerous, yet the Author either did, or should have wrote, as I have restored the Text. It is evident, that those Blockheads, the Amanuenses corrupted the Text, and from their desperate Circumstances, foisted in a Word, which was running into their Heads, as their approaching Fate. I am fully assured, that the judicious Reader, is of my Opinion, and is already convinced, that my Correction, has added a Grace to the Poetry, by importing a Figure it would otherwise stand in Need of.

BENTLEY.

† However groundless this Expression may seem to the Unthinking, yet it is founded on Matter of Fact. Among the Exemplars of the late executed Rebels, one fell under my own particular Examination. For being unable to account for the Folly of the Malefactor's Conduct from any other Principle, than a supposed Peculiarity of the Texture of his Brain, I immediately opened his Head, and was surpris'd at a total Absence of the *Pia Mater*; the Cavity of which was replete with a great Quantity of undigested Matter, which upon a Chemical Analysis,

Where Law expands * the Youth's exulting Mind,
And sows those Seeds which bleſs the Human Race,

Analysis, appeared to be of *French Extraction*, and acquired from too intense an Application to the Study of that Jesuitical Doctrine, "The Divine Right of cutting
" the Throats of our Fellow Creatures, and setting up
" the Will of the Monarch, as the unerring Law of
" Reason."

CHESELDEN.

* I CANNOT think, but that there must be a great Mistake in this Place, made by the Transcribers of the Original Copy. For I submit it to any candid Person's Judgment, whether an Author, who appears to be a Man of good Sense and Judgment, could possibly, with Truth, Elegance, and Propriety, say,

Where Law *expands* the Youth's exulting Mind,
And sows those Seeds which *bleſs* the Human Race ;

I am certain that the Author never wrote the Lines as they stand above, and that there must be two Words foisted in by some Transcriber, who was possibly an *Attorney's Clerk* ; for does it not appear quite obvious, that according to Truth, Elegance, and Propriety, he wrote thus ?

Where Law *corrupts* the Youth's exulting Mind,
And sows those Seeds which *curſe* the Human Race.

My Alteration, I dare say, will be pronounced *good, just, and true* by every Person, who is conversant with, and thoroughly understands this Subject.

T. BUSBY.

A Herd

A Herd of lawless Wretches fix their Throne;
 As *Satan's* erst was fixed on *Sinai's* Mount. 25
 Here *Blasphemy* her Midnight Orgies keeps,
 Defies her Maker, and derides his Threats;
 And, like the *lawless Chief**, whose Name they
 take,

This lawless Crew usurp the Throne of Sense,
 More perilous to Truth than he to Right, 30
 Whom Nature curs'd, and called ROBIN-HOOD.

* The well-known Story of ROBIN-HOOD and LITTLE JOHN, one may imagine needs no Comment; but least some of the Perusers of this Piece may be unacquainted with it, I shall here stretch out a rough Draught of it. These Men lived in the Reign of King *Richard I.* and in *Warwickshire* robbed and plundered all the Rich and Opulent Passengers that travelled that Way; but not only refrained from molesting the Poor, but assisted them with Viſtuals and Money. Their Number is reported by our Historians, to be at least a Hundred stout and resolute Fellows, of whom ROBIN-HOOD was the Chief. It is reported by some Authors, that he was of noble Blood, at least made noble, no less than an Earl, for some deserving Services; but having wasted his Fortune, in riotous Courses and extravagant Means, he levied Contributions on the Public. After having reigned in this lawless Manner for some Years, he fell sick, at a Nunnery called *Birkley's*, in *Yorkshire*; and desiring there to be let Blood, was betrayed, and bled to Death.

T. BUSBY.

THERE

THERE are who Satire think a Foe to Truth ;
 A Foe inveterate ; who deem her Work,
 The Child of Error, and the Gift of Hate ;
 Yet tho' too oft she turn a Prostitute, 35
 By Folly purchas'd, and by Malice sway'd,
 Yet woo'd aright, she strengthens Wisdom's Cause,
 Upon the Mind exerts her Sovereign Skill,
 To Vice and Wickedness applies her *Lash*
 And makes those *tremble* *, who *deserve* her
Scourge. 40

Rouse Satire then from dark Oblivion's Bed ;
 Rouse and awake thy terrifying Snakes.
 Here vent thy Spleen ; here all thy Rage display :
 O ! once more strengthen Virtue's tott'ring
 Throne !

Clear Reason's Mirror from the Soil of Sloth ! 45
 Spread Wisdom's Influence o'er the devious Will !

* Our Author's professed Design, in writing this Satire, herein plainly appears to be, the causing all Vice and Wickedness to tremble at their Impiety ; agreeable to the Intention of Mr. POPE, when, speaking on the like Subject,

“ *Hear this, and tremble ye that 'scape the Laws.*”
 but how far our Bard is qualified for this great, useful, and important End, and how far he will succeed in his good Design, I cannot conceive ; as I look upon it as a Kind of *Herculean* Task, and beyond his Power.

Give

Give Vice her Cap of Bells, to Error give
Her painted Reed, and probe the Wounds of Guilt!

E'er the first Sun, from Piety's fair Day *,
Baths his tir'd Beams, in Ocean's welcome
Floods, 50

Whom e'er, or Impudence, or Ignorance † inspires,
Hitber

* I must confess this Passage is a little obscure; and the Author, like the Orators, he is satirizing, in endeavouring to speak *learnedly*, speaks scarce *intelligibly*. I need not acquaint the learned Reader of the antient Poets, in our *Translations*, that this is an Imitation both of the *Greek* and *Roman* Epic: And that by a Figure, which the Author of the Art of Sinking stiles, a *Circumbendibus*, it signifies on *Monday Evening*.

TH—B—D.

† The true Cause of Infidelity seems here to be pointed out, as well as the Effect of the *notorious Society*; for, as Mr. BOYLE observes, a *little* Philosophy may make an *Infidel*, but a *Sufficiency* will render him a *Believer*. And as it is the Characteristic of the Ignorant, to imagine that they know every Thing; so it is the Property of those that think thus, to imagine that every Body else knows nothing, which is the very *Achme* of Impudence.

WM. LEGATION.

As our Critic seems to have over-reached Affairs in his Criticism in one Respect, and to be deficient in another,

E

ther,

Hither repair, and in the mazy Path
 Of Error, soon forget each anxious Care.
 The Block new shav'd, the gaudy, borrow'd Drefs,
 Adorn th' *Aerial Fiends*: whilst much of *Ode* *, 55
 And much of *Elegy*, in *Grub-street* sleeps;
 Or, gaping, calls in vain, the Poet's Quill.
 Those, whom nor Fear of Man, nor Fear of God,

ther, according to Custom, the Reader will indulge me in the following Anecdote. A Person, who was much censured by his Friends for mixing in this *Rout*, was asked, What Reason he could assign for his Attendance? His Reply was, " That he found himself very much
 " deficient, in one of the necessary Qualifications for a
 " Man's making his Fortune, which was Assurance:
 " And that he attended this *Society* as the best School of
 " Impudence: But (adds he) for the few Times I have
 " been there, I have acquired so good a *Stock*, that I
 " believe I shall soon leave them."

TIDDY-DOLL.

* This is a very ingenious Imitation of these Lines of the DUNCIAD, B. I. L. 121.

" Round him much Embrio, much Abortion lay,
 " Much future Ode, &c."

And as the Original applied these to His Dunces, our Author seems, not unjustly, to apply them likewise to those in the same Predicament.

TIM. SMART.

(Tremen-

(Tremendous Name!) with pious Terror daunt,
 Here shew their brazen Fronts; and Here dif-
 play

60

Such Dictates, as the Host Satanic, erst

In *Pandæmonium* gather'd, boldly spoke.—

The *Pandæmonium* * this of Infidels—

Aerial *Pandæmonium* ;—not less curs'd,

* This is a Censure that I could wish the Author had blotted, had he not in that Respect been too like SHAKESPEAR. Politeness, sure is an Essential to Poetry: But, in the Name of Heavens! What Degree of Politeness can it be, to call the ROBIN HOOD SOCIETY a *Set of Devils!*

CHUBB.

NOTWITHSTANDING Mr. CHUBB's Animadversion, I must insist upon it, that the *Society* is nothing but the *School of Infidels*, set up on Purpose to undermine every Principle of sound Religion: 'Tis *here* we find the Authenticity of the Scriptures called in Question: 'Tis *here* we find the Scriptural History compared to the Fable of GOG and MAGOG; the *Author of our Faith* stiled an *Ass-Stealer*; and his *Self-Existence*, denied with the utmost Blasphemy. If I am right in my Opinion, that the Merchants, who were settling their Books in their Compting Houses, and were buried in the Ruins of LISBON, went down to H—ll: Surely I cannot help thinking, and asserting, that this SOCIETY is a *Set of Devils incarnate*.

R****NE.

Than That, which far beneath This Earthly
Globe, 65

As MILTON sings, the *Devils* durst construct.

Nor is dire *Satan*, Prince, yclep'd, of Air,

Less fond of his *Aerial Votaries*,

Than of the Partners of his dreadful Fall ;

Since *these* extend That Realm, the *others* lost *. 70

FOLLOW the Muse ; the Muse shall lead you safe :

As the fam'd *Sybil* † led ANCHISES' Son,

Amidst

* The Justness of the last Note seems to be confirmed by this Line. For it is evident, that eradicating, or weakening any Moral Principle, without inculcating Others in its Room, is nothing less than opening a Door to Vice : And as it is the Nightly Practice of the *Deists*, that assemble here, to raise Objections against, and endeavour to undermine CHRISTIANITY, without proposing any System in Lieu of it, they may certainly be said, to be Propagators of the *Interests* of SATAN.

ANON.

† The Propriety of this Allusion, will appear more beautiful, when we compare the Nature of the two Places : The Enemy of Mankind is supposed to be possessed of two Territories, a Subterranean, and an Aerial one ; according to the Account we have of him, in a Book of some Antiquity, though scarcely now perused by any,
but

Amidst the Regions of un-utter'd Woe,

And landed safe again on Earthly Soil.

Lo! how we mount!*—how irksom to for-
sake

75

The native Charms, and Heav'nly Path of Truth!

but *Old Women and Parsons*. As a *Sybil* or *Muse*, was the Conductor of *ÆNEAS*, in his Passage, to and from, the Infernal Regions, so with equal Propriety, our Author makes Use of the Passport of a *Muse*, to the Aerial Regions of *SATAN*. Nor is the Danger less, in going to the one, than to the other; since the lower Territories are filled by a Set of Miscreants, who feel the dire Effect of their Blasphemies, as the upper ones are, by a Crew, whose *Blasphemies* will be the Means of their *Sufferings*.

PAUL GEMSEGE.

* To understand the Beauty of this Passage, we must recollect the Description of *SATAN*'s Ascent from the *Tartarian Regions*; the Difficulties he underwent, in Order to accomplish his Machinations against Mankind; and on that Account, to shew his unconquerable Impiety, seems hinted at by the Difficulties, that attend our deviating from the Dictates of Reason and Truth. As *SHAKESPEAR* expresses it, *the Almighty has planted his Cannon* against Vice and Irreligion. Conscience, Modesty, and Prudence, must all be baffled, e'er we can be *excellently* impious; and as they are so interwoven with our Natures, they cannot be subdued, but with unsurmountable Obstinacy.

TIM. BUSBY.

How

How odious to leave the social Sweets
 Of bright-Ey'd Reason, and her pleasing Form !
 How dreadful to reject the cordial Balm,
 Which to th' afflicted Soul, fair Virtue pours ! 80
 Oh ! had this Crew rebellious, thus have thought *,
 Then had they ne'er imbib'd their mortal Bane ;
 Ne'er had the tott'ring Soul, cast off the Bands
 Of Heav'n, preferring those of nathmost H——.
 Ne'er had *Religion*, like her Heav'nly Sire 85
 Been crown'd with *Thorns*, been scepter'd with a
Reed,
 And made her Exit groaning on a *Cross*.

* THE ingenious Author, seems in this Place to have endeavoured an Imitation of a Passage, in a most beautiful, instructive, and excellent Poem, entituled "CHRISTIANITY the *Light of the Moral World*," written by Mr. HOBSON ; where speaking of our *first Mother's* looking on the *mysterious Tree's Ambrosial Fruit*, and the dreadful Consequences of transgressing the Divine Prohibition, he says,

" And had she only gaz'd !—the Awe-struck Muse,
 " Might shun to paint with Horror's trembling Hand,
 " That Maze of Errors, and those Worlds of Woe,
 " Erected on the Ruins of her Fall."

R. SEWIL.

BUT,

BUT, lo! a Form * appears, with ruddy Cheeks;
 And like the Moon with her enlarged Face,
 Stops our Ascent, and asks the usual Price: 90
 The Prize bestow'd, we upwards re-ascend ;
 When, lo! another Form, * with clouded Face,
 With wrinkled Front, thick Eye-Brows, and dark
 Eyes,
 Obstructs our Passage, and the Symbol asks,
 Stretching his Palm, begrim'd with daily Toil. 95
 Him, the Infernal Synod hither sent ;
 Just Representative of that below.

* I BELIEVE there is no Occasion to acquaint the Readers of this Satire, who are meant by these two *Forms*. If they will recollect, the *Nymph with ruddy Cheeks*, to whom they pay their Six-pences, and from whom they receive 'Tickets,' for their Admission, into the *learned Assembly*, they cannot remain long in Ignorance. When the Tickets are received, they are demanded at the Door of the Disputants Room, by the *limping VULCAN's Representative*, as our Bard jocosely, yet justly calls him. This Gentleman seems to be possessed of so good Taste, by soaring above the narrow Limits, and confined Views of his own disagreeable Employ, that he is abundantly better pleased with managing a *Tankard*, and handling an *Argument*, with the ROBINHOODIANS, than braying of Brags, and smiting of Iron.

T. BUSBY.

That

That lives 'midst Flames and Sulphur, Noise and
Strife,

This 'midst the Smoak of Furnaces, and Din
Of Iron, braying Brass, and hammering Arms; 100
Fit Harbinger to Discord, Rage and Strife!

Wide opens now the Door, and to the Sight,
A Pyramid of radiant Vessels shews;

The Vehicles of Error's potent Streams.

Porter and Lemonade! the only Springs 105

That in his Land of Nonsense Nightly flow *.

On

* This Passage, I think requires some Illustration. Some People may imagine, that the sole End of this Society, is to Dispute; but I beg Leave to observe, that they have another View in assembling together, which our Author here very well takes Notice of. *Oratory*, is not like common Discourse to be attempted without some Moistening, Salubrious Draughts. It requires something to allay the Thirst, which it inspires; and what so proper for a true Briton as hearty Porter, or the more nectareous Lemonade? Dry Argument is not to be handled, without a cool refreshing Tankard; and Judicious Orators never attempt it. The Great *Bibo*, may be exemplified to evince the Propriety of this Maxim.

*Whose own Example strengthens this great Law
And is himself THE ORATOR I draw.*

How

On either Hand, Seat above Seat uprear'd,
 The brainless Heads of Disputants appear,
 As in the Bounds of *Savoy*! pleasant Clime;
Alps rise o'er *Alps*, and shew their barren
 Fronts. 110

Lo! in the Centre pendant from the Roof,
 A brazen Lustre strikes the laughing Eye;
 Whilst Lamps unnumber'd Rays reflect on Rays,
 Fed by the fragrant Oil, whose nauseous Pow'r
 Exhales an Emblem of the *mouthing Crew*, 115
 Inflam'd with Fire and smothering with Stench!

BEHOLD the *Wight* * with flowing Wig adorn'd,
 A

How useful is it for People to be acquainted with more
 Topics than their particular Profession teaches them! It
 is the Glory of the ROBIN-HOOD SOCIETY, that they
 know as well how to manage a *Tankard*, as to handle an
Argument.

T. BUSBY.

* This Gentleman, the Author takes Notice of, is
 famous even among the famed Society, for more Qualifi-
 cations than merely Debating. This worthy Gentleman,
 is the Glory, the Pattern, and the Envy of the Society.
 His Discourses are so fine and excellent, and his Remarks
 so judicious and extraordinary, that I should rob my
 Readers of a great Deal of Pleasure was I to deprive them

A *Wight*, whose Size our Admiration warms,
 His bloated Cheeks, the Hand of Plenty own,
 And his protuberant Belly boasts her Care ; 120
 How oft with rolling Eye, and jocund Air,
 He freely takes the salutiferous Draughts
 Of ruddy Porter ! He nor fears the Frowns
 Of those, who look with Terror and Amaze
 Upon the Bowl, the huge and pond'rous Bowl, 125
 Oft to his Mouth uprear'd : Nor dreads th' Effect
 Of mad Intoxication ;——To him averse—
 To him Intoxication never comes that comes
 To all, but drinking without End,

of the Pleasure of seeing an intelligent Speech he made to the Society on this Subject; *viz.* whether Christianity ought to be abolished ?

“ Why Mr. President,

“ If so be that if Christianity is to be abolished, why
 “ Mr. President, let it be abolished ; but Mr. President,
 “ if so be, that Christianity is not to be abolished, why
 “ Mr. President, I am of Opinion, that it ought not to
 “ be abolished ; and besides, Mr. President, if so be that
 “ Christianity should be abolished, I am further of Op-
 “ nion, that we ought to have another Religion in Room
 “ of it.”

N. B. This Speech was taken down *verbatim* from the Gentleman's Mouth.

R. SEWIL.

His

His brainless Head its Force in vain affails ; 130

His Head victorious o'er the potent Fumes :

To him alike or Negus, Beer or Wine.

Satan had oft beheld him as he sat,

Like *Matthew* erst, upon the Custom Seat ;

And strait him call'd, nor call'd he him in vain. 135

Proud of the envy'd Prize, he stately rose

With lazy Haste, and 'midst his Imps appear'd.

The Fiend beheld him there, and dubb'd his own,

Calling him *Bibo* from his Love of Drink ; 139

More famous he for Drinking, than for Thought.

Lo tow'rds the North, a rev'rend Form appears

* Perch'd on a gaudy Throne, like *Henley*' Tub †,

* I have seen a Copy of this Poem wherein it was written *Seat* instead of *Throne*. But any one may see that this was wholly owing to the Ignorance of the *Amanuensis*. PHILOSTRATUS in his *Life of the Sophists*, informs us, that the *Chair*, from whence they delivered their Harangues, was always dignified with this Appellation : And to this *Themistius*, *Orat.* 1. gives his Suffrage in the following Sentence, ἐπὶ Θρόνου τίνος υψήλου μάλα σοφιστικῶς καὶ σοβαρῶς. And the Application to the Person here described, whose Gravity, Sophistry, and Sobriety, (σοφιστικῶς καὶ σοβαρῶς) are conspicuous, seems in the Language of 'Squire POUNCE, to be *proper, just* and *elegant*.

BENTLEY.

Or *Fleckno's*, all bedeck'd with radiant Gold.

* Hail Genius of the Place ! hail fam'd Support

Of

† This is a manifest, a palpable Falsehood. For every one knows, that the *Orators Rostrum*, was of a different Form, adorned with Velvet, and bedawbed with Gold. Methinks I here smell a Rat, and though all the Manuscripts read it as in the Context, yet I have a Manuscript by me, which I never saw, that reads it *Macklin's Tub*: His *Rostrum* being Convex to the Audience, and Concave towards himself, (the true Pattern of a Tub,) confirms my Conjecture. And as it is not easy to determine which is the greatest *Genius* of the two ; the Sense is preserved, read which Name you please. If you read *Macklin*, I will be answerable for it tho' a thousand MSS. should be found with the present Reading.

BENTLEY.

* In Order to do Justice to this great Personage, and, in his own Dialect, to *exhibit a Character*, which appears so conspicuous, in its full Length, I must beg thy Patience for a few Moments, gentle Reader.

“ The Person who sits at the Head of this *august Society*, is a B—r ; born of poor but honest Parents, who early put him to School, where he made a tolerable Proficiency in Writing and Accounts. His Father at length prevailed upon an *honest* (pardon the Word) but I say again, an *honest* B—k—r, to take him as an *Errand Boy*, in which Capacity he behaved well, which induced his Master to bind him Apprentice. Having by his Industry acquired a fair Character, Providence smiled on him, and, by the generous Legacy
“ of

Of this disputing, this unthinking Crew. 145

Well did the Foe of Truth, in choosing thee,

Retir'd from human Eye, amidst thy *Dough*

He saw, and as he saw, he wish'd thee his.

Pleas'd with thy florid Look, and Aspect grave,

Grave as a Judge, tho' scarcely half so wise; 150

Thy Mind untainted with the Tutor's Lore,

White as thy *Bread* unbak'd, or as thy *Flour*,

“ of an old Aunt, enabled him to set up for himself.

“ St. *Giles's* was pitched upon as a Place, where a Man

“ of his Character might hope for Business. As he was

“ very active, and had his Interest ever uppermost in his

“ Thoughts, he soon set up for standing Council to the

“ bold and intrepid Breed of St. *Giles's*. Having read

“ over a few musty Authors, he becomes proud and im-

“ perious, and for many Years has had the Vanity to

“ imagine himself qualified to dispute with a Bench of

“ *Bishops*. He is no great Admirer of the Ornaments

“ of Language, and has made some necessary Improve-

“ ments in the *English*, as the Reader may judge from

“ the following Specimen, *What is much more seldomer*

“ to be met with, &c. The *most sagaciousest* of all Ani-

“ mals, &c. The *more betterer*, and indeed the *most*

“ *bestest*. With other such Beauties, hitherto unknown

“ to some of our finest Writers.”

Genuine and Authentic Memoirs of the ROBINHOOD So-
CIETY, &c. Printed for STAMPER.

For

* For Learning oft, too oft had proved thy Foe!
 Strait *Satan* in thy Hand conveyed his Rod,
 A Hammer by the Sons of Wisdom stil'd, 155
 And bad thee rule Supreme, o'er all his Tribe;
 Taught thee the Art of Sophistry and Fiends,
 The Thoughts of Thousands to reduce to One,
 Like the fam'd Priest succinct in Amice white †,

* Whoever has perused those noble Pieces that were delivered at *Boyle's* Lectures, must confess this. Nay the very Perusal of the Writings of Infidels is a corroborative Proof, where Ignorance of Languages, Misrepresentations of Authors, all the Arts of Sophistry, and all the mean Subtilties of personal Censure, make up the whole of their Works. The Ignorance likewise of the Members of this Society, is not less conspicuous than their Impiety, and both of them shocking.

† The Lines in the *Dunciad* run thus :

“ On some a Priest succinct in Amice white
 “ Attends ; all Flesh is nothing in his Sight !
 “ Beeves, at his Touch, at once to Jelly turn,
 “ And the huge Boar is shrunk into an Urn.”

DUNCIAD, B. 4. 548.

The Comment observes, that *two* Partridges are dissolved into *Quintessence* to make Sauce for a third ; and that a *hundred* Squab Turkeys are not unfrequently deposited in *one* Pye in the *Bishopric* of *Durham*. As this Method of *Cookery* which is conversant on *Matter*, is capable of so great a Production, the Reader need not be astonished at the *Prodigiousness* of the President's Art, which is conversant in *Thoughts* that are *immaterial*. ARISTARCHUS.

In

(In POPE's immortal Lines consign'd to Fame) 160

" At whose great Touch the Beeves to Jelly sunk,

" And the huge Boar contracted to an Urn."

Or say, were Learning giv'n, 'twere giv'n in vain

To thee, O J——s, whose Conceit supplies

More than the *Sybil's* memorable Leaves, 165

Or HOMER's *Rolls*, or PLATO's golden Lore.

I hail the Poppies blushing round thy Brows,

Victors o'er Rage, for near thy leaden Heart

Rage never comes, nor wise Resentments fire!

Thee, nor the Threats of Law or Ire of Crowds 170

Can move, but like Mount *Atlas*' tow'ring Height

Dost look with Scorn on the inferior Crowd:

And, like to Justice, ever pictur'd blind,

Impartially o'erlooks, whatever seen

Would make thee wise, or lead to Reason's

Throne. 175

Hail, worthy Chieftain of this flagrant Crew!

Unspoilt by Learning, uncorrupt by Thought,

Untam'd by Discipline, untam'd by Law;

Whose Will superior rises into Right;

Whose Judgment is the Standard sole of

Truth; 180

Whose

Whose Ignorance, to Learning ne'er submits ;
 Whose Want of Wisdom, is esteemed wise ;
 Whose Hammer, like the leaden Hand of Death,
 Knocks down pert Science, and Religion vain,
 (A greater Votary to *Time* *, than Sense !) 185
 Oh ! could my Verse like thy Oration flow,
 Strongly enervate, and distinctly dull,
 Then should the dozing Reader yawn Applause,
 And all thy Dullness in thy Bard be prais'd.

† Even though we should suppose, that this *literary*
Society was possessed of all the Talents necessary to diffuse
 Truth and Reason ; yet this Circumstance of the *Presi-*
dent's Management, would render Instruction *impossible*.
 If you believe *him*, there cannot be a *Society* calculated
 for *nobler* Ends, than that over which he presides : *Free*
and Candid Enquiry, are the founding Titles appropriated
 to it. But whilst the Orator is speaking ; *Time Sir !*
Time Sir ! Time Sir ! is always flowing from his Mouth ;
 and if the Sentiment proves too strong for him to invali-
 date, and is opposite to his own, it is crushed in the
 Birth, by the Descent of his *all-silencing Hammer*. In
 vain does the Orator plead for his half-finish'd Sentence ;
 the inexorable Hand of Despotism, denies the Embrio
 Birth ; and the baking Tyrant convinces the Wise and
 Unwise alike, that he sits on his Throne, not as the
 Midwife of Truth, but as the Emblem of *invincible*
Obstinacy.

T. BUSBY.

WITH

WITH Aspect grave, he rises from his Seat, 190
 And as he rises, all th' inferior Crowd,
 Their wonted Homage pay, and doff their Hats *;
 So I have oft beheld near *Bedlam's* Walls,
 The proud Empiric mount his Wooden Stage;
 Display his borrow'd Hair †, whilst all the
 Throng, 195

* Our Author in this Place seems to have had an Eye
 upon a favourite old Song of mine ;

He doff'd his Hat, and made a Bow,
 For why, she was within ;
 With how d' ye do, and how d' ye do,
 And how d' ye do again ? TIDDY DOLL.

† The Readers of this Piece are not to suppose, that
 our Poet means, that the *Empiric*, borrowed his Hair in
 the literal Sense of the Word. No !—far from it. He
 here speaks in a Metaphorical Sense, and means that he
 does not wear his natural Hair, but is possessed of the
 more becoming, and more dignified Emblem of Wisdom,
 a *Wig*. As the *Beards* of the famed Antients of Yore,
 were always considered, as expressive of the greatest
 Wisdom, so, in Modern Times, a *Lawyer*, a *Physician*,
 or *Divine*, would be esteemed a mere Novice in his Pro-
 fession, was he not possessed of one of these Badges of
 Learning and Sagacity. And much may be alledged,
 and many Arguments produced, both from antient Au-
 thors, and from natural Reason, in Vindication of this
 laudable Practice.

T. BUSBY.

G

Scorning

Scorning to shew less Breeding than the *Quack*,
Displace their Hats, and strain their list'ning Ears.

HIS left Hand pois'd upon his Sceptre brown *,
Lofly his Look, and Visage turn'd aside, 200
Stretching his Right with no enchanting Grace,
He threatens Speech, and opes his learned Jaws.

“ THE Question, Gentlemen, for our Debate,
“ The important Question's this, *Whether or not* *

It

* Our Author has here very well taken Notice of the *President's* Attitude, before he begins his Speech to the learned Assembly. It has been very well observed, by many eminent Physicians, that too much Fatigue of any Kind, is prejudicial to Health. To pay a due Regard to this incontestable Maxim and well-observed Rule, the noble Moderator, constantly eases himself when standing, by reclining upon his *all-silencing Hammer*. Nor is this all the Advantage, that results from this laudable Practice. By this Means, he has an Opportunity of shewing himself to Advantage, and, as Mr. *Gibber* says of our *British Roscius*, in *Ranger*, “ *displaying a favourite Attitude*.” I hope this *Great Man* will not be offended, if I here ornament this Note with an Observation of his in his *Dissertation*; “ If Mr. *President's* Desk was to be “ shoved away from his Chair, what would become of “ Mr. *President* ?” R. SEWIL.

† This Question, which the learned Author supposes the

It would not be of Service to Mankind,

If there was no Religion in the World?

the *Society* is to debate on, is not an imaginary, or fictitious one, as some People may imagine. I have been assured, and credibly informed, that Questions concerning the *Utility of Religion*, and Subjects of a *similar Nature*, are frequently discussed by these ingenious Gentlemen. Indeed Topics of this Kind, are more frequently debated than any other. *Metaphysics* is their darling Subject; and indeed, how must that *interesting and important Science* triumph, in being so accurately handled, so judiciously defended, and so clearly illustrated, by the exalted Efforts of so truly noble *Society*! To shew that this very Question, which our Author supposes they are debating, is founded on real Matter of Fact, I shall transcribe from the *Covent Garden Journal*, No. 8. written by my good Friend, the late ingenious Mr. FIELDING, a Speech of one of the Members on this Subject.

“ I ham of Upinion, that Relidgin can be of no Youse
 “ to any Mortal Sole; bycause as why, Relidgin is no
 “ Youse to Trayd, and if Relidgin be of no Youse to
 “ Trayd, how is it youseful to Sofyaty? Now, no Body
 “ can deny, but that a Man can kary on Trayd very
 “ wel without Relidgin; nay, and better two, for then
 “ he may wurk won Day in a Wik mor than at present;
 “ whereof no Body can saye, but the Seven is mor
 “ than Six: Besides, if we haf no Relidgin, we shall
 “ haf no *Pairfuns*, and that will be a grate Savin to the
 “ Society; and it is a Macksum in Trayd, that a Peny
 “ saved is a Peny got.”

R. SEWIL.

THIS

THIS Question, Gentlemen, I now have read
Is sign'd Lord BOLINGBROKE *——does any here
“ Adopt the Foundling.” If not, it goes from
me 210

“ *As if 'twere mine.*——And it appears to me,
“ That those who is *Affirmative* hereto,
“ Should give their Reasons for their being so ;
“ And then an Opportunity is given,
“ To those who is not of the same Opinion, 215
“ To shew the Reasons why *they dare be so.*——
“ Does any Person in this crowded Row,
“ Choose to assign his Sentiment hereto ?”

THIS saying, down he sat——and strait arose,

* It is usual for the Persons who propose Questions for the Consideration of this *Society*, to affix the Names of those Persons of whose Principles and Doctrines they are Admirers, thus a Question in Favour of *Religion*, is frequently signed *Tillotson, Clarke, &c.* A Question in Favour of *Deism*, *Tyndal, Collins, &c.* A Question on *Oratory*, *Demosthenes* or *Cicero*. After the Question is with an audible Voice read by the President, if any one owns it, he assigns his Reason for proposing it, and then it goes on in Rotation ; if it is not owned, it goes from Mr. President, as related in the President's Speech, to which I refer the Reader.

T. BUSBY.

GRAVIS

GRAVIS *, a Person of no modern Size : 220

Him, nor did Shame with conscious Blushes taint,
Nor Learning spoil, nor Revelation's Beam
Illume ; but spiking up his Reason for a Sun,
He ever followed her deceitful Ray,

* This extraordinary Personage is so remarkably characterized by our Author, that one would think it impossible to mistake in the Spelling of his Name. But notwithstanding this, the MSS. are very different, some reading it with an E instead of an I, in the last Syllable ; indeed I have seen some Copies wherein there is an E before the A : But if we attend to the Context, we shall easily see that we have preserved the true Reading. He is described to be a Person of no modern Size ; and consequently a heavy Man. Every School-boy knows that *Gravis* is *Latin* for *heavy*, and is consequently our Hero's proper Name.

BENTLEY.

* The *Birth*, *Parentage* and *Education* of this great Man, are involved in so much Obscurity, that I cannot find any *Vestigia* to build his History on. Let it suffice to say, that he is the Person mentioned by the Name of *Brush*, in the Preface, Page 9. He is a professed Enemy to *Priestcraft* ; an inveterate Foe to the *Ministry* ; *standing Armies*, and *Hanoverian Measures* ; he prides himself not a little in his being incapable of Conviction from the Arguments of Believers, and trusts he shall die a sincere Opposer of *Christianity* and *Revelation*.

BURCH.

Thro'

Thro' dang'rous Paths, and Error's winding
Maze. 225

A sage *Logician*, he for Want of Thought ;
A sound *Divine* for Want of knowing God ;
A *Politician* deep, without the Light
Of Law or Hist'ry, or Connexions nice
Of diff'rent States, and wish'd his Rulers wife. 230
With many a seemly Scar, the Hand of Fate
Had latic'd o'er his Face ; and gave a Voice
Soft as the Crow, and as the Raven shrill *.
Much wou'd he talk, of God, of *Law*, and *Fate*,
But when he reason'd or of God or Law, 235
His Reasons were, like MILTON's Fiends, *awry*.
With many *croaking* Accents thus he speaks :

' I do not know, but that this Question is
' Of high Import, and feign I would disclose

* Some Copies I have by me read *sweet*. The very
valuable Manuscript, which that pretty Fellow, NICK
HEINSHALL gave me, reads *clear*. How this Copy
should have it *shrill* I know not, unless those blundering
Rogues, the Amanuenses, corrupted the Text ; but not-
withstanding those illiterate Puppies should insist upon it
ever so strenuously, if you will read it *clear*, I will be
answerable for the Consequences.

BENTLEY.

' My

- My Sentiments, altho' they miss the Mark. 240
- Sir, if there was *not no* Religion here
- In this blest Isle, 'twould be of gen'ral Use ;
- Because, *for why*, the Reason's very plain.
- However, as I *does* not love more Words,
- Religion always is of great Disservice ; 245
- What *Priests* Religion call, and Priests are——
Fools *.

For

* I am here involved in so great a Dilemma, that with all my Penetration I cannot surmount it. I have no less than five Manuscripts which read, *And Priests are KNAVES* ; four which read, *And Priests are FOOLS* ; and FAUSTENSIUS, WILMANIUS, QUORONIUS, and BRAMANDER, read it with a T. How to reconcile these different Readings I know not ; it appears to me an insuperable Difficulty. I shall therefore act the cautious and wary Part, and not presume to give my Opinion, in a Matter of so great Doubt, and of so much Importance.

BENTLEY.

Notwithstanding Mr. *Bentley's* Doubt concerning the true Reading of this Passage, I think there is not the least Room for hesitating at Reading it, *And Priests are FOOLS*. We are to consider the Character of the Person who speaks this ; who is a irreconcilable Enemy to the Clergy. And as he always speaks with the utmost Contempt of the *sacred Function*, and always declare they are
mere

' For it *have* caus'd more *Bloodshed* in the World,
 ' Than *have* arose from any other Cause.
 ' As this is Fact, it ought to be destroy'd.
 ' Besides, Sir, give me Leave, *once more*, to
 add, 250
 ' We always ought to mind our own Affairs,
 ' And be attentive to our Fam'ly's Good;
 ' Now as Religion takes *us off* from this,
 ' And we must rest from Work one Day in Seven,
 ' I apprehend it is a *wicked Thing*. 255
 ' *To go to Church*, where Myst'ries Voice absurd *
 ' Is ever heard; where as I *thinks* indeed
 ' The Petticoated Tribe, for Hire, display
 ' Such Stories as the Sons of Reason hear

mere TOOLS of State, I cannot but think that he
 intended it in that Sense; though read the Word, gentle
 Reader, either with an I or an F, and it will perfectly
 suit the Character of the Speaker.

JOSHUA POUNCE.

* As a *Reverend Prelate* observes in one of his Dis-
 courses, there is not a more common Topic in the Mouths
 of Infidels than the Mystical Part of Christianity; as if
 it were a good Inference to say a Thing is false, because
 I do not understand it; which, however absurd it may
 seem, is the universal Logic of the Unbelievers.

PHILO-BIBLOS.

' Abash'd

- ' Abash'd ; such Stories as become the Nurse, 260
 ' The toothless Nurse, to still the Infant's Squawl.
 ' Unworthy those, whose Minds, with Light im-
 menſe
 ' Exults ; from *Reason's* fair and brilliant Sky
 ' Brought down ; or from the Wealthy Mine,
 ' Of Fitneſs, Rectitude, or Harmony 265
 ' Self-won. *Because for why* ; I ſay, as *bow*
 ' The *Fool*, the *Painter*, ſuch Sir, as I *be*,
 ' Would to the Scriptures willingly aſſent,
 ' If all the Stuff I cannot underſtand,
 ' Were by the Hands of Reas'ning Folks ex-
 pung'd. 270
 Flaming with Haſte, and jostling thro' the Crowd
 Behold a Wight *, whoſe round unmeaning Face,
 Is

“ * Mr. GARGLE, alias S***, assumes the Air of
 “ a Man of Importance in his Profession : He frequently
 “ comes to the House, almost out of Breath, and pretends
 “ that the Hurries and Fatigues of his Business, are so
 “ great and many, that it is with Difficulty, he can
 “ spend an Hour in that polite and learned Assembly, of
 “ which he has the Happiness to be a Member. As an
 “ Author, he has given some Proofs of his Knowledge
 “ and Sagacity in his Profession ; and has published a

Is balustraded by a Wig immense;
A Wig stupendous! on whose mantled Top,
Two forked Points arise, much like the Horns,

275

That *Flemish* Daubers, to the * *Hebrew* Chief,

Kindly

“ short Treatise on the VENEREAL DISEASE, wherein
“ he has *unluckily* confounded the Words *Contagion* and
“ *Infection*: He has published several other elaborate
“ Pieces, in which there are some beautiful Strokes of a
“ fine Genius: viz. *A Dissertation on CLYSTER-PIPES.*
“ *A Critical Enquiry into the Original Invention of the*
“ URINAL, &c. Whenever he attempts to harangue,
“ he forces a Grin from the Audience, which his *Vanity*
“ interpreting into a Mark of *Approbation*, he stretches
“ his Lungs, and entertains you with whole Sentences
“ of incoherent Bawl. In less than five Minutes he
“ will run over all the Antients: But lo! the Result of
“ this boasted Knowledge!—— why truly —— THEY
“ ARE A SET OF IGNORANT BLOCKHEADS!”

Genuine Memoirs of the ROBIN-HOOD.

* The Method in which MOSES is painted by some
Moderns, with two Streams of Rays issuing from his
Forehead, seems wittily alluded to by *Esquire POUNCE*;
for the stiff Manner in which this *Glory* is delineated,
may very easily introduce the Idea of two *Horns*.

ERASMUS.

The judicious ERASMUS seems in the precedent Note,
to be under a Mistake, arising from his Ignorance of
the

Kindly uncivil give. Well it becomes
The deletory Tribe *, to cloath their Heads
With this *enormous Bush*, least thinking Elves
Shou'd deem a *Wigless*, an unfurnish'd Skull. 280

SAY Muse, what Object now employs thy Sight,
Unseen to Eyes unhallow'd? Lo! I see

the *Hebrew*; which as the great HUTCHINSON observes,
is the prolific Mother of all Errors. The Word which is
translated *Horn*, in the Original, signifies a *Beam*, or
Ray of Light, and is applied, not only to the budding
Honours of the *fiery Bull*, but likewise to the radiant
Splendors of the *great Candlestick* of Light, (*i. e.*) the
Sun. And the near Resemblance which our modern
Masters make in their *Portraits*, is a tacit Argument of
their Knowledge of the *Hebrew*.

LEA.

* The Right which the *Faculty* have to this Appel-
lation, seems to have been owned by a judicious Poet
who wrote in the last Century; who sings thus,

No Engine or Device polemic,
Disease, or *Doctor* epidemic,
Tho' stor'd with *deletory* Med'cines,
(Which whosoever took is dead since)
E'er sent so vast a Colony,
To both the under-Worlds as He.

HUDIBRAS.

Aided by *Euphrasie* and *Rue* *, a Sight
That speaks the noble Speaker's envied Name.
Forth from the Covert of his Pocket deep, 285
Peeps out, ye Heav'ns!—peeps out— a *Clyster-
Pipe*.

GARGLE, I hail thee, and discern thee clear!
Thus when the Goddess † of *Cythera's* Clime

To

* This has a Resemblance to that Passage in MILTON,
Book XI. where the Angel

“ To noble Sights from ADAM's Eye remov'd
“ The Film; then purg'd with *Euphrasie* and *Rue*
“ The visual Nerve.”

SCRIBLERUS.

With humble Submission to the venerable SCRIBLER,
I imagine, that the *Operation* that DIOMED undergoes in
HOMER for the *Recovery of his Sight*, seems more parti-
cularly alluded to by my *Relation*, the *Squire*; and would,
by the bye, give Mr. TAYLOR, the famous *Oculist* of
our own Country, a Friendly Hint, to insist upon the
high Antiquity of his Profession, from this Passage, in his
next Advertisement.

T. BUSBY.

† Our Author seems to have had his Eye on these
beautiful Lines in the *first Æneid*,

“ Mater media sese tulit obvia Silva,

“ Virginis Os Habitumque gerens, et Virginis Arma

“ Spartanae, &c.

And

To good ANCHISES Son, and to her own
 Came like a Huntress, undiscern'd she came; 290
 But as she went, the Wanton's swimming Air,
 Reveal'd her Name, and spake her *Queen of Love*.

SAY from what Region coms't thou, from what
 Street,
 What Lane or Alley, Chamber, Garret, Cell,
 Dost thou the Trophies of thy Skill display? 295
 Or has the *Devil* with his last Vomit eas'd *
 Disgorg'd thee safe : The *Devil* to Thee more dear
 Than the notorious Crew of ROBIN-HOOD.

Glitter his Eyes, and on his plenteous Cheeks
 Irradiate Smiles, Signal of Thought profound. 300

And again,

“ Dixit, & avertens rosea Cervice refulsit,
 “ Ambrosiæque Comæ, Divinum Vertice Odorem,
 “ Spiravere: Pedes Vestem defluxit ad Imos
 “ Et vera incessu patuit Dea.”

* This alludes to that Line of MARO,

Mane salutantum totis vomit Œdibus Undum,

And the Word *Oedibus* shews that our Satyrift could not
 mean a Fiend, but a *House* known by that Name near
 the *Temple*; which has a *Society* similar to that at the
 ROBIN-HOOD, of which *Gargle* is at present a Member.

T. BUSBY.

Thus

Thus shallow Brooks run dimpling all the way.
He speaks! he speaks! ye Gods, how GARGLE
speaks!

"O worthy *Preses* *, of this worthy Tribe,

I stand

* Our Author here seems to have preserved that *Unity* of Person, which is the highest Characteristic of Poetry. He seems to have studied HORACE's *Ars Poetica* with some Assiduity, and to have merited that noble Encomium,

"*Reddere Personæ sit CONVENIENTIA cuique.*"

He has not introduced any one Speech, or Sentence, in the Mouth of any particular Person, which would become any other; and has characterized them so strongly, that it is impossible for any one of the *Orators* to read the Speech attributed to him, without exclaiming——*that is mine.* This was very evident, even in the *Preface*, which was drawn up in a Hurry: For, it having been read in the ROBIN-HOOD Society, the *Monday* after its Publication: The Character of an EXTRAORDINARY *Orator* was so well marked, that the President had no sooner read the Sentence, which the Author had appropriated only from a mere Strength of *Imagination*, but the Person hinted at, claimed the Character, owned the Sentiment, and espoused the Principle. Who is there therefore that peruses this Speech, who can forbear crying out in SHAKESPEARE'S Words?

"I do remember an APOTHECARY."

Romeo.

If

- “ I stand in Doubt to speak, or to be mute.
 “ Tho’ with the *Samian*, Silence is enjoin’d, 305
 “ Yet by the Laws of Nature, Speech was giv’n
 “ To use : *Samian*, *Theban*, and *Athenian*
 “ Prescribing Silence, is a *Fool* to me.
 “ Yet say, O *Preses*, shall I, or display
 “ The dreadful *Knife*, or use the lenient *Balm* ?
 310
 “ Those Thoughts tremendous, *GRAVIS* dar’d a-
 vow,
 “ Work’d on my Nerves like *Sudorific* Pow’rs,
 “ And to my Frame a strong *Cathartic* prov’d.

If it should be deemed scandalous, thus to ridicule a Profession of Men, which deserves the greatest Rewards from Society ; hear what a late *Vindicator* says on that Head, and then judge : “ Tho’ I believe,” says the Author, “ There is no Condition in Life, in which there
 “ may not be found Men, who deserve to be *ridiculed*
 “ upon that Account, yet I find the Charge to be *heaviest*
 “ upon the *APOTHECARIES* ; and with such Industry,
 “ has that Notion of them been propagated, that it has
 “ given Rise to a *Proverb* ; and nothing is more com-
 “ mon, than to say, when any one detects his *Ignorance*
 “ by silly and impertinent Prating, that, *he talks like an*
 “ *APOTHECARY*.”

PHARMACOPOLA JUSTIFICATI, Pag. 1 and 2.

Religion,

" *Religion*, hail ! * thou *Julep* of my Days !
 " *Health's* best *Elixir*, *sacred Tincture* hail ! 315
 " Thou heav'nly *Manna* ! thou *Angelic Root* !
 " O do I hear thy Name by *Dunces* blam'd !
 " *Dunces*, who ne'er of sage HIPPOCRATES,
 " NOR GALEN, PARACELsus, FRIEND NOR SHAW
 " Have heard ? who ne'er have learnt by *Physic's*
 " Aid 320
 " To stem the sanguine Torrent's rapid Flight,
 " To give the shaking Paralytic Ease:
 " To brace the feeble Joints, to paint the Cheeks,
 " Robb'd by the Yellow Jaundice, and to spread
 " Strength to the Weak, and Spirits to the Strong ?
 325
 " Shall such Blaspheme *Religion* ? Such disclaim
 " Her free Captivity, whose Lore obey'd,

* This noble Apostrophe, deserves our best Lucubrations, that its Beauty may not escape the Eyes of those dull Blockheads, whose Knowledge is not so conversant in Pharmacy as Mr. GARGLE's ; and therefore we have thought it highly necessary to present our Readers with the Latin Names of those Medicines to which our Apothecary seems to allude, viz. *Elixir Salutis*, or DAFFY's Cordial Elixir. *Tinctura Sacra*. MANNA optima. *Radix Angelica*.

" Nor

“ Nor Vice would spread Destruction o’er our Joys;

“ Passions no more would teach the Blood to boil.

“ Nor Luxury contract the Road of Death? 330

“ But Joy unfully’d, uncorrupted Health,

“ Should flow from thee, thou *Phyfic* of the Soul *.”

Satan unseen, had through the Circle pass’d,
Imparting Vigour to each sturdy Fiend.

Oft in the Breast of Youth and Age he slipp’d, 335

And Plenteous sow’d the Soul-ensnaring Seeds

Of Error, and of Guilt; till, last he reach’d

His *Minion’s* Bosom, where he oft had dwelt,

But not un-honoured; for his *Minion* oft

Had spread his Pow’r, and own’d his mighty
Sway. 340

* The great *Bossu*, in his judicious Treatise on *Epic Poetry*; has shewn the Necessity of the *Consistency of Manners*, in such Terms, as it would be impossible to convey in a Translation; we therefore refer the Reader to the fourth Chapter in the *fourth* Book, for Information; and cannot help observing, that our Poet has, with the greatest Exactness, conformed himself to *HORACE’S* Precept, throughout this Speech,

“ *Qualis ab Incæptu processerit et sibi constat.*”

SCRIBLERUS.

O aid me, Muse ! * O aid me to display
 The various Talents of this Champion dire !
 Too black for Mortal Pencil to describe
 His Vices, and too great for lisping Youth
 His Triumphs o'er the Family of God. 345

Meagre his Form †, by Study worn, and Care,
 For oft black Night had seen him deep immerg'd
 In

* The Poet here *gapes* so wide, that the Reader's Expectation is aroused, and some extraordinary Personage is expected: And, indeed, the Expectation is just, since there is not a greater Man *in his Way* on this Side the other World than He is.

† The Personage here introduced is not *un-notorious*. The World has known him *too well* to be ignorant what he is. But as there may be some, who are not so well acquainted with him as they ought, the following Anecdote is subjoined for their Benefit, with the same View, as Descriptions of *Syrtes*, *Shelves* and *Rocks* are, in the Journals of Mariners, that others may know how to *avoid* them. However incredible it may seem, this Person was once a *Schoolmaster*: But having in a Pamphlet attacked the Piece of the *Bishop of LONDON*, on the *Trial of the Witnesses*, with great Indecency and Blasphemy, he was obliged to quit his Employment. But, bad as his Principles were, he had some Friends, that supported him during his Loss of Business, and it is said, used

In Study, and the blushing Morn had blush'd,
To find him earlier bent to spread the Bane

Of

used their Interest so effectually, as to procure him a Place in a *public Office*. In the above Pamphlet, we find him characterizing CHRISTIANITY, by the Title of an *Old Hag*, who was daily losing Ground among her Admirers; and the Religion of *Nature*, was *Queen Common-Sense*, whose Dominion universally prevailed among the Wise. With Respect to his *Ethics*, he is entirely of the Opinion of the Author of the *Characteristics*; his Sentiments of the *Soul* are borrowed from COLLINS, and his Invectives against *Christianity*, from *Billingsgate*. He is a Man of so much *Modesty*, that he has frequently asserted in this *Society*, that he knows more of the Scriptures, than any *Bishop* or *Doctor* in England. He is so great a *Friend to Revelation*, that he asserts the Scriptures are a *Bundle of Contradictions*: That the *Story of the Fall*, was *cooked up* by MOSES, on Purpose to suit the *Palate* of the *Jews*, who were a gross, unthinking *People*: That it was a *strange Story* of itself, but that the Introduction of *Satan* into it, makes it the *DEVIL of a Story* indeed. Though he is possessed of all these Qualifications, yet the Man is so diffident, that he never speaks *without Book*, but always reads his Sentiments from a *Penny Memorandum-Book*; which is of as great Service to him, as the *VADE MECUM* to a *Country Attorney*. Before I finish this Character, it will not be amiss to hint, that he has been said, to have acted as a *Teacher* among his *Brother Infidels*, and to have given them a *Sermon* in their *own Way*. He was once a *President* of an INFIDEL-

Of *Blasphemy*, than she to spread the Beams 350
 Of Light, and Comfort to the slumb'ring Globe.
 Upon his Countenance, in wrinkled Pomp
 Sat Care, and in his *leering* Eyes, appear'd
 Sly Cunning, with her Mind-ensnaring Wand.
 Well knew he how his impious Thoughts to dress
 In Wisdom's Semblance, and th' incautious Mind
 To lead unheeding to the Paths of Death.
 Nor *Doctor* sage, nor *Mitre-honour'd Priest*
 He heeded, for he oft the Doctor sage,
 And Mitre-honour'd Priest had dar'd to Arms. 360

SOCIETY, who used to meet every *Sunday Evening*; but whether Fear of the *Civil Power*, or the Terror attending their Principles was the Cause, it is now dropped. Being one Day gravelled by a *Friend of Revelation*, he had the *Candour* of Ending the Dispute, by saying, "That he acknowledged all his Objections were *amply* "refuted, but that he had Others in *Petto*, which it was "unsafe for him to produce." Having thus given this curious Anecdote for the Benefit of the *Country-Reader*, I conclude, with assuring him, that the Sentiments attributed to this * * FAMOUS Person, are copied *Verbatim* from a Manuscript Discourse of his against *Revelation*, and from Notes taken, as he was *Reading* his Works, in this GLORIOUS SOCIETY.

R. SEWIL.

And

And as the most *Un-christian*, Christian King,
 Dire LEWIS hight, had triumph'd in his Fall,
 So triumph'd He in ev'ry new *Defeat*.

'Twas hence that *Satan*, burnt with curst Desire
 To spread his Kingdom ; gave him ev'ry Wile 365
 To captivate the rude unthinking Crew ;
 And as a Token of his growing Worth
 And growing Fame, he clad him with A-NETT.
 AN-NETT his Emblem, and AN-NETT his Boast*.
 Hence Mortals call'd him *Rete*, *Rete* dread ! 370

Full of the Fiend he rose, and as he rose,

* I cannot avoid thinking but there is a palpable Mistake in this Passage. It does not appear to me, that this Line is expressive of that Good Sense, which so remarkably characterises the ingenious Satirist's Writing. I would rather suppose, it should be read according to two Manuscript Copies I have, written by the learned Mr-LANTHUS and BROMETHON, which runs thus,

“ A *Net* his Emblem, but ANNETT his Name.”

This I apprehend is the true Reading, and if we will take the Pains of looking into the *Pasquinade*, a Poem written by my good Friend Mr. KENRICK, who has also satirized this Person, we may rest assured, that this is the most judicious and truest Reading.

R. SEWIL.

Display'd

Display'd a Book, whose blushing Leaves contain'd

Satan's dire Creed, and Statutes curs'd of H——.

He Hem'd!——and thus with solemn Accents spoke.

“ E'er I can say what Profit or what Bane 375

“ Flows from *Religion*, let me see her Face.

“ Is she the Idol dress'd by *crafty Priests*,

“ Dress'd to amuse the rude unthinking Crew,

“ With Pleasures in her Right, and in her Left,

“ Eternal Tortures, then I scorn her Claim. 380

“ Virtue *unbought* is Virtue, *bought* is Vice.

“ Let Mercenary Souls adorn her Shrine;

“ No Gift of Mine shall on her Altars smoke,

“ Nor do I dread her Frowns, or court her Smiles.

“ *Reason* my Guide, what *Reason* bids I do; 385

“ What she forbids with Caution I avoid;

“ Unmov'd by Bribes, unterrify'd by Pains.

“ *Reason* was giv'n to light us in our Way;

“ The best of Lights; and if indeed the best,

“ Why ask a *better*?--If a Light from Heav'n, 390

“ Why seek another, whose corruscant Beams

Shall

" Shall darken this ?--Or, why from God implore,
 " What must impeach his Wisdom, must impeach
 " His Mercy? Since whate'er was truly fit
 " Was always fit, and what *was not* bestow'd 395
 " By boundless Wisdom ne'er *can be* bestow'd.
 " O say what Blessing can to Mortals flow
 " For decking Shrines, or bending pliant Knees?
 " Shall Worms, with impious Expectations fir'd;
 " Think they can merit ought from Deity, 400
 " Who holds our System in his hollow Palm,
 " And with his Breath a thousand Worlds can form?
 " Thus is *Impiety*, what giddy Crowds
 " *Religion* stile. And can *Impiety*
 " E'er teem with *Service*, or with *Blessings* flow?" 405
 Close to the Fire, by Indignation spurr'd,
 Up-rose a Person of no *modest* Look *,

Whom

* As this Gentleman *deserves* more of our Acquaintance than any we have yet introduced on the *Stage*; we shall present the Reader with an Account of him from a Periodical Writer, who is of great Repute as a Scholar and a Wit.

" The Declamations Weekly thundered out," says he,
 " at CLARE MARKET, and the subtle Argumentations
 at

Whom fair HIBERNIA unto ALBION's Clime
 With Joy transmitted. Fair HIBERNIA fam'd 410
 For

" at the ROBIN-HOOD, I have formerly celebrated. It
 " now remains to pay my Respects to the MARTIN
 " LUTHER of the Age (as HE frequently calls himself)
 " the great Orator MACKLIN; who, by declaiming
 " himself, and opening a School for the Disputations of
 " Others, has joined both the above Plans together,
 " and formed the BRITISH-INQUISITION. Here, what-
 " ever concerns the World of Taste and Literature, is
 " debated: Our Rakes and Bloods, who had been used
 " to frequent Convent-Garden, merely for the Sake of
 " Whoring and Drinking, now resort thither for Reason
 " and Argument; and the Piazza begins to vie with the
 " antient Portico where SOCRATES disputed."

The CONNOISSEUR, No. 47. Vol. II. P. 86, 87.

As Mr. TOWN has been too concise in his Account of
 our Orator, we shall enlarge a little, from an *Epistle*
 which his Brother Orator TULLY, sent him from the
Shades.

After congratulating him on Account of his Fame,
 which had reached the Infernal Regions, the Roman draws
 a Contrast between him and himself. " He tells him,
 " that as for himself, he did not dare to appear as an
 " Orator, till he had trod the Oracle of all the Sciences;
 " when it was well known that our Hero never had ac-
 " quir'd One. That he had employed his Youth in
 " Reading and Composing, in consulting different Mas-
 " ters, and endeavouring to merit the Public Notice;
 " But our Hero, it was well known, never could read
 " in

For Virgin Charms, and for the blushing Tint
That damasks Modesty's celestial Cheek.

Him

“ in his Youth, and consequently had never *borrowed*
“ any Knowledge from Tutors. This he supported, by
“ the frequent Boasts the INQUISITOR had made on
“ his Want of Education, and the Claim he laid to
“ superior Merit on that Account. He then tells him
“ of the Inconvenience HE had been reduced to, by his
“ Timidity; and congratulates our *Orator* in the Brazen
“ Bulwark of HIS *unchangeable* Countenance, and His
“ entire Ignorance of Fear or Reverence. With Re-
“ spect to his natural Qualifications, he pays him great
“ Compliments, and speaking of the *Sweetness* of his
“ Voice, tells him, that DEMOSTHENES never hears
“ him without pulling the Pebbles out of his *Mouth*,
“ and putting them into his *Ears*. The *Graces* of his
“ *Pronunciation*, he amplifies by a remarkable Instance,
“ which is that of his reading the *Devil's* Speech in
“ MILTON's *Paradise Lost*, which he delivered with so
“ *horrible* a Grace, that SATAN himself envied him;
“ all the Candles in the INQUISITION burnt blue, and
“ the affrighted Audience exclaimed, that it was worthy
“ of the DEVIL, and that Old Nick himself could
“ not have pronounced it better. Nay, so great was
“ the Excellence, that some were ready to swear, that
“ it was the *Devil* himself, that pronounced it; and
“ that he had assumed, the Resemblance of the *Orator*,
“ by Way of Illusion.”

Thus far have we followed TULLY: We must beg
Leave to add, that no one delivers himself with more

K

Force

Him oft the Crowd Theatric had admir'd,
When or in *Wronghead*, or in *Shilock* chang'd :

Him

Force, and with greater Emphasis than he does. The *English* Tongue owes him Thanks for many a Favour which he has conferred on her most *insignificant* Words ; and has had the Pleasure, to find her Particles receive no small Honour from his Pronunciation: FOR,—THE,—HOW,—WHICH,—AND, &c. are no longer looked upon in the *mean* Light, they appear in, from the Mouths of a SECKER, a NEWTON, a FRANKLIN, a WARNER, a MURRAY, a GARRICK ; but by the *judicious* Strefs our *Orator* places on them, seem to be the *most significant* Words in a Discourse. What Beauty a proper Pause adds to a Sentiment, is well explained by the ingenious Writer on *EXPRESSION in TRAGEDY* ; and for our *Orator* it may be said, that no one makes *more* Pauses, and consequently abounds with *more* Beauties than He does: I have known him pause, Four or Five Times in a Sentence of Six Words, and with so much Judgment, that no Man besides himself could assign any Reason for it. This Beauty we have endeavour'd to preserve, in Printing his Speech, which has cost our *Compositor* and *Corrector* no small Pains ; and we defy any Person to do it with more *Propriety* and *Likeness*. Having said so much of his *External* Character, it will be high Time to add a Word or two of his *Internal* one. With Respect to his *Religious* Principles, he is a great Admirer of Lord BOLINGBROKE, whom he lays down, as the *Standard of TRUTH*, because he cannot COMPREHEND him. But when this Writer is out of the Way, you will then find him a greater Admirer of — his own Judgment.

When

Him *Dulness* too had plac'd upon her Throne, 416
 Dubb'd him her Orator, and bad him shine
 Where Dunces shine, in *Scandal's* filthy Tribe :
Players and *Managers* his Nightly Theme.

Nor didst thou 'scape, O ROSCIUS, Son of Fame*!

So

When urged by *Scripture*, or pressed by *History*, he is an inveterate Foe to all *Authority*; but seldom gives the Audience the *Pain* of hearing him, without concluding with some Story that my Lord SUCH-A-ONE told him, who is his intimate Acquaintance. With Respect to his Social Character, he is a Person of great *Generosity*; and during the short Time his INQUISITION continued, he treated the Speakers with a SUPPER and FRENCH WINE; so that of his dependent Orators, it might be said, literally, *Bos habet in LINGUA*, The Man has got a *Beef-stake* in his Mouth. 'Squire POUNCE is likewise much obliged to him, for declaring publicly, that he would have given him a *Dinner*, rather than he should have employed himself in writing this Satyr.

PETER POUNCE.

* The many heavy Charges, mean Insinuations, and low Invectives, the late *Inquisitor-General*, has thrown out, against our *British* ROSCIUS, not only within the Confines of his *Inquisition*, but at the ROBINHOOD, and in his common Discourse, are well known. During the short Time the ENGLISH *Inquisition* continued, the Character of Mr. GARRICK was Nightly offered up, as a Victim to Fury and Revenge: It mightily suffered from the

So good, that thou should'st ne'er have trod the
Stage :

420

So fam'd, that thou should'st ne'er the Stage desert !

Yet

indelicate Pencil, of this worse than *Flemish* Dawber: Personal Reflections, abusive Treatment, scandalous Assertions, and injudicious Remarks, upon our excellent Actor, and truly worthy Member of the Community, were constantly exercised and employed by this *discarded* Player. These Themes, were the Source of his Eloquence, and these the Objects of his Railery: Public Merit, and private Virtue, were at once sacrificed to the malicious Attacks, and poisonous Shafts of mean Revenge, baffled Cunning, and disappointed Rage. The Reason of this Orator's attacking Mr. GARRICK's public and private Character, is no Secret to the Judicious and Discerning. The Cause is more happily illustrated by one Line of Mr. POPE than I can possibly describe in a Dozen :

“ ENVY will MERIT, like its Shade, pursue.”

To attack a Character founded on the firm Basis of Justice and Merit, with the impotent Armour of Impudence, Ignorance, and Falsehood, argues the greatest Folly, and the greatest Iniquity. But it has always been the Characteristic, of the Orator now under our Notice, as Mr. President phrases it, that he being

“ Clad in the Brazen Arms of IMPUDENCE,

“ Wages Eternal War, with Wit and Sense.”

To execute so detestable, and justly contemptible Action, of scandalizing a Gentleman, as amiable for his private Virtues,

Yet the he robb'd, by Contrasts, idly made,
 Robb'd of the laurel'd Crown, which raptur'd
 Throngs

Had given, and Wisdom had confirm'd thy Due.
 With Accents as the *roaring* Torrent soft, 425
Mild as the Thunder, as the Light'ning *cool*,
 He thus address'd the stupid gaping Crowd.

" I am surpriz'd—that—any one who—feels
 " The—Force of Nature—ever shou'd attempt
 " By Sophistry—to!—glide into the Heart 430
 " And lead her Captive to—the—Land of Vice.

Virtues, as *conspicuous* for his *public* Merit, is, in my Opinion, as heinous a Crime as committing Violence on his *Person*; since we may reasonably suppose, that a Man, so abandonned to Wickedness, and lost to all Sense and Goodness, as to be capable of committing the former, would make no Scruple of doing the latter, were he not restrained by the coercive Power of our Laws. It is plain, that the *Inquisitor* has frequently been guilty of the former odious Practice, but whether the latter was ever practised by him, I shall not presume to say; but will refer my *inquisitive* Readers to the Records of the O—B——— for their Satisfaction. To them it is I appeal for the public History of this *noted Gentleman*, and *surprising Orator*, and by their Testimony do I recommend my Readers to abide.

T. BUSBY.

“ 'Tis

" 'Tis pitiful,—'tis—wond'rous—pitiful—"

" I wish—I—bad not heard—it--yet--I---wish

" That Heav'n—bad!—made me—such—a Man,

" Had giv'n such Ornaments—to—deck—my—

" Thoughts.

435

" Yet why of Names — of — too much glory'd

" Names *,

" The

* The Contempt which this *Orator* shews to, and the Indignation he expresses against *Authority*, however dignified or distinguished, has been already observed. It is certain that no great *Name* or grand *Title*, ought to influence our Judgment, farther than their Assertions are consonant to *Truth*; but to rail at *Authority*, merely for its being cited as conformable to Truth, or to despise the *Opinions* of the truly learned and devoutly Pious, on Subjects they are universally confessed Masters of, appears to me arrogant and presumptuous. Nay, so far does this *Orator* carry his Contempt of *Authority*, that even the *Evidence*, the clear and never to be refuted Evidence, contained in that excellent Book, replete with the greatest *Fund of true Knowledge*, and the best Road to the Attainment of *real Happiness*, in the World, has no Weight with him. "AUTHORITY," he says, "is never the *Test of TRUTH*, and to *AUTHORITY* he never will submit." This elegant Speech, an ingenious Friend of mine, says, may be taken in a *Political*, as well as *Religious* Sense: And to illustrate this his Opinion, he observes, that every Action of the *Orator*, has plainly sup-
ported

“ The boasted Muster-roll ; not Names but Things

“ I prize,—nor—see I—with—another’s Eyes.

“ Why should the *Latin*—or—the *Grecian* School

“ Be—deem’d—the — Font of Science ? — in all

“ Climes

440

“ Her Waters flow—and flow to all alike !

“ Of Priests—of Priests—I dread — the crafty

“ Power,

“ Call them the Treasurers of Truth—and—say

“ they keep

“ The Key of Knowledge—straight—you make

“ them Gods.

“ Gods ! What make — ye us — but cringing

“ Tools ?

445

“ Away with CHUBB, with TYNDAL then—away !

“ This is the Voice of Nonsense—and deserves

“ The public Hiss—the—Hiss—of—just—Con-

“ tempt.

ported this Doctrine. “ For,” says he, “ if you take
“ Notice of his boisterous Behaviour, *even* at the ROBIN-
“ HOOD, you will find, that so far from submitting to
“ LEGAL AUTHORITY, he is perpetually causing Con-
“ fusion, by speaking out of his Turn to contradict the
“ *Speaker’s* Assertions, if they are opposite to his own
“ Opinion.”

T. BUSBY.

“ Why

“ Why then—to—*Church*—O say—ye *Clergy*, why

“ Must we repair, to hear deep *Myst’ry*’s Voice 450

“ And *Trinity* *, pronounc’d ; since — deeper

“ Draughts—we drink

“ Of

* I am not in the least surprized that our Poet makes the Orators inveigh against the *Trinity*, and other *Mysteries* of CHRISTIANITY ; for in all the Times I have attended there, to observe the Method of their Procedure, there was never a Religious Question discussed, but that the Deistical Gentlemen, when speaking, (I will not say, to the Question, for it’s seldom they speak to that) attacked the *Mysterious* Part of CHRISTIANITY, which, as a judicious Author justly observes, “ It is the Glory
“ of our Religion to find unfathomable, by the Line of
“ Reason.” To these Gentlemen, I would only observe, that if they will believe no more than they can comprehend, which is the Principle they all profess to be actuated by, they will have a very short Creed, or rather none at all ; since the wisest of Men, cannot explain the most trivial Things ; or, Cause after Cause, explore the deep, mysterious Ways, of that providential Being, who

“ O’er-rules, directs, and actuates the whole.”

One of the most eminent Poets our Nation has produced, and who was a sincere *Christian*, as well as a perfect *Moralist*, (which latter Character indeed, is the natural Consequence of, and must be included in the former) addresses these Kind of Gentlemen, when they attempt to fathom, what was intended by that Being, whose Ways are perfect, to be unfathomable, in instancing the
Great

" Of Knowledge — from the — Font — that — In-
" ward flows.

" Why then—shall—what—the giddy ---- Priest-
" rid----Crowd

" Religion deems,---be thought--the glorious Sun--

" That---lightens --- this--dark Spot---on which
" proud Man, 455

" Puff'd in---a---little---weak Authority,

" Plays---such---high Tricks---as make--the Angels
" weep."

So saying down he sat, and as he sat
With ghastly Grin, he smil'd his own Applause.

Great NEWTON, whom he supposes, superior Beings
looked upon with as much Astonishment, as Men do, at be-
holding the wonderful Sagacity, and surprizing Cunning of
the *Ape*; yet, he says, in describing his Incapacity, of un-
folding those Laws of Action, which were designed by
their *All-perfect Giver*, to be incomprehensible to us,

" Could *he*, whose Rules, the rapid Comet bind,

" Describe, or fix, *one Movement of his Mind?*

" Who saw *its* Fires, *here* rise, and *there* descend,

" Explain his *own Beginning*, or his *End?*

" Alas what Wonder! Man's superior Part

" Uncheck'd may rise, and climb from Art to Art;

" But when *his own great Work* is but begun,

" What Reason waves, by *Passion* is undone."

R. SEWILL.

* ALBANIUS oft had ey'd the wondring Crowd,

460

And by the Chains which conscious Worth be-
stow'd

With-

* The Pedigree of this Gentleman, is not only *Roman*, as his Name declares, but likewise *Cambro-Britanic*. He is certainly descended from the WYNN's so celebrated in *Wales*, and is a Branch of the WHITES (the *English* for *Wynn*) among the *Picts* or *Scots*: Whoever has known this Gentleman, has known a Man of Sense, a compleat Scholar, and a judicious Orator. It is a Pity that he should have one Failing; which is, not being convinced of the Truth of *Revelation*. But tho' he is an Enemy to her, he is a modest one, and delivers his Sentiments with the greatest Caution, and Decency. He is certainly a mere Exotic in the Society, and the only Person of any Decorum and Breeding that speaks in it. It is said, that he professes to instruct Persons how to *clothe their Ideas in a letter'd Dress*; initiates them in the Use of the Globe, and the Elements of classical Learning. No one can dispute his Abilities in this Way, and no one can rival them. If Error can be rendered amiable, it is so by him. If *Deism* can be thought tolerable, it is so in him. If any one could keep Decorum in the midst of Opposition, he must be acknowledged to be the Person. But as his Sentiments are delivered by Modesty, so they are recommended by the nicest Subtilty, and are propagated with a Semblance of Candour, and an outside Show of Integrity. When I hear him I pity him; when I see him

With-held, nor stir'd, nor learned Speech essay'd.
 A *Wight* he was of no exalted Size,
 Nor yet *Pigmean* ; on his letter'd Head
 A well-cut *Major* shone, and on his Brows 465
 Sat Thought, sat Prudence, sat Discretion wise.
 Truth o'er his Heart her willing Empire spread,
 And only at one Entrance was shut out ;
 The Entrance, which Celestial Light demands,
 Celestial Light of Revelation stil'd ! 470
 Yet tho' he chose not Heav'ns *Prophetic Path*,
 Her Path he left with *Modesty*, not *Scorn*,
 And as he spoke, fair Prudence tun'd his Voice.

“ Mr. * *Prassident*, the *Quaestion's* varry nice,
 “ *Forr* nothing worthier of our deepest Thoughts
 475

him here, I wish he had chosen a better Place to display his Talents in, for it is certain he must shine every where.

T. BUSBY.

* This *Platonism*, or Broadness of Pronunciation, is an affected Characteristic of our *Orator*, as well as his pronouncing *forr* instead of *far*, and *Man* instead of *Men*, as appears in the Speech itself.

GRANGER.

" Could be adduc'd. *Ferr* what more worthy

" Man

" Than that which makes Man happy, makes

" Man wife ?

" Religion hail, thou much mistaken Name !

" Mistaken by the *Saltary* deem'd wife !

" Mistaken by thy Friends, who thence become

480

" Thy civil Foes, and kifs thee to thy Death.

" So *ferr* as Reason guides us, so *ferr* thou

" Shalt cause our Blifs ; but when our Reason

" nods,

" Then Fancy leads thee to the Realms of Woe ;

" Hence all the pious Massacres of Man, 485

" Stil'd Zeal for God : Hence all the mimic Feats

" Of *Fryars* cow'd : Hence all the Pow'r of

" *Popes*,

" And Plea for Blindness, and for mental Sloth.

" Should *Man* not reason, *Man* would not be *Man*.

" But *varry* sorry am I, when I speak 490

" Ought that shou'd brand my Neighbour with

" Defect.

" But

- " But yet as *forr* as Truth directs, I go;
 " Nor heed the Frown of Tyrants nor of Law.
 " Say is my Reason giv'n, to discard
 " My Reason, or is Folly's gloomy Path 495
 " The Path to the *Supreme*, the Path to Blifs ?
 " Yet if *Religion* leads the devious Mind
 " To swerve from Reason, to disdain the Laws
 " Of Nature, and foregoe the tender Sights
 " Of social Blifs ; or if it teach the Arts 500
 " Of butch'ring Bigots, and of hot-brain'd Priests,
 " So *forr* Religion is the Bane of *Man* ;
 " But that Religion, which nor dwells in Books,
 " Nor pines in Cloisters, but to ev'ry Mind,
 " Like the *World's Eye*, its glorious Beams dis-
 " plays, 505
 " Is the great Source of Knowledge, Source of
 " Blifs."

Thus spake ALBANIUS, and with ev'ry Grace
 Of Action, and of Harmony, convey'd
 His Thoughts, deep sinking in th' incautious
 Breast.

Soon

Soon as he ceas'd, shook every trembling Bench
 With loud Applause, and groan'd with savage Joy.

Upon his Right a *Hebrew* Chieftain sat,
Hight EZRA, on whose Care-denoting Brows
 Beauty had form'd great HOGARTH's *Spiral Line**,

* This Portrait of a JEW is certainly a Master-Piece, and abounds with Charms that astonish and enrapture. We find the *Line of Beauty* expressed in his *Eye-brows*; and the *Line of Beauty*, according to Mr. HOGARTH, in his *Analysis*, is expressed by a flowing round Hand S: Let any one then judge of the *Graces* of his Countenance. We find his *Complexion* dark, according to the universal Appearance of *the Tribe*; wrinkled with Cares, and heightened with a *Coup des Yeux*, beyond Expression. As Queen ELIZABETH reckoned the Face the *Index of the Mind*, our Poet has made that of the HEBREW consistent with his Sentiments. Tho' indeed he does not shine here as a Speaker, yet his *Works* are worthy of Notice. He was Author of a Pamphlet to prove, *That SUPERSTITION was worse than ATHEISM*, which he had the Modesty to sell privately, for Fear of the Censures of the civil Magistrate. He lately delivered a Lecture, whose Subject was: "That a Person who disbelieves a future
 " State of Rewards and Punishments, may be happier
 " in the next World than one who does, 'though their
 " Virtues were equal." Tho' he cannot vie in *Oratory* with DEMOSTHENES, and lay Claim to his *Stammering*, yet he *lisp*s in the Room of it.

CRUSO.
 And

And on his auburn Face profus'dly spread 515
Her Rayless Wrinkles, and *Judea's* Leer.

SATAN, who erst among the Sons of God
Appear'd, in ev'ry Word he spoke, appear'd,
And chose his Bosom for his lov'd Retreat.

With many a Frown and with no *pinion'd* Words 520

Lisping he spake, what *Jews* shou'd *blush* to speak.

“ O Mr. *Presbident*, *this* *Question* calls

“ For all our Pow'rs, and will our *Paints* repay.

“ Religion doth consist in Thanks in Pray'rs ;

“ But why shou'd we or *thank* or *pray* to God ?

525

“ Whate'er is fit for him to give, he gives ;

“ Why thank him then, for what he *must* bestow ?

“ Or why entreat for what he *can't* refuse ?

“ What boundless Wisdom dictates, he *must* do,

“ Pray we, or pray we not ; nor can our Pray'rs

530

“ Move him to grant, what granted is not wise ?

“ *This* is not all : Let *us*, two Men, *suppose*,

“ One who believes Rewards, the other not :

“ Who

" Who acts with Views of gaining *future Bliss*,
 " Acts from a *meritbenary thelfish* View. 535
 " It *istb* the Motive constitutes the Name
 " Of all our Deeds ; and shews their real Worth.
 " Who disbelieves a future World of Woe
 " Or Bliss, he cannot be religious call'd ;
 " But if he follows Nature, follows right, 540
 " Abstains from Vice and walks in Virtue's Paths
 " He shines Superior in the *Eyesh* of God,
 " To him who works from Hopes of future Bliss ;
 " So that Religion doth avail us nought
 " Since Man can climb the Skies *without* her Aid.
 545

Scarce had the Words, flow dropping, reach'd
 the Ear,

When bent with Years, and tottering with Wine,
 Stagg'ring, up rose the NESTOR of the Crowd ; *

He

* As we have not been able, to acquire any Light,
 into the History of this remarkable Person, from modern
Biographer's, we have had Recourse to the Archives of
 the *Bodleian Library* at *Oxford*, and there found the fol-
 lowing Account in a Manuscript, writ in the Language
 of the *six Nations*, which we have translated for the Be-
 nefit

He much had travell'd, many Cities seen;
And read the Breasts of Men, as much as Books:

550

The

nefit of our Readers. After giving the Pedigree of the
old Gentleman, the Manuscript proceeds thus,

“ He was by the Government thought a proper Per-
“ son to be entrusted with a Rule in the *West Indies*;
“ where he behaved with great Sagacity, and acquired no
“ small Reputation. He visited most of the Colonies,
“ and informed himself of their Products, their Strength,
“ and their Finances; and returned Home because (as
“ HE says) his Government was like that of SANCHO’S
“ in DON QUIXOTE, more likely to *starve* than to *sup-*
“ *port* him. After his Return to *England*, he did not
“ lay aside the *Governor*, but very generously offered his
“ Advice in the public Papers to the Persons in the Ad-
“ ministration. The Commercial Axioms which he has
“ acquired by long Experience, are very *singular*, and if
“ followed would put our Affairs into a *different Posture*
“ from what they are at *present*. One of which is, that
“ the *Head* cannot be *too big*; nay, cannot be *big enough*
“ for the *Body*. On this Principle, he has founded his
“ ESSAY on the growing *Dimensions* of this METROPOLIS.
“ Another Maxim, not less remarkable than the former
“ is, that a War which may take up a Century, may
“ be brought to a Conclusion in three or four Years;
“ and from this Principle he has drawn out *Instructions*
“ to our *Ministers* for driving the *French* out of *America*.
“ But his *Political Tracts* have afforded so much Enter-
M tainment,

The *western* World he saw, and sway'd and
prais'd;

For o'er the Western World his Leaden Rod
Had shook, and savage *Indians* term'd him *King*.

The Source of Wealth with curious Pen he drew;
For Trade to him had many Favours own'd; 555

Trade more his Study than the Ways of God!

The Ways of God his Scorn, his Word his Jest.

Oft would the Pun obscene, Conundrum quaint,

Drop from his Lips, as Poison from the Asp;

Oft would he brand the *Guide* of ISRAEL'S Sons

560

With Ignorance, and cast away the Yoke

Of *Revelation*, and insult his God.

" *tainment*, that it is needless to insist more on their
" *Excellencies*. Tho' some Years beyond his *grand Cli-*
" *matic*, he has all the *Gaiety* of Youth. The many
" *obscene Puns* he continually *displays*, shew us at once
" the *Vivacity* and *Morality* of his Youth. His *Reverence*
" for *Revelation* appears in his stiling the *Mosaic Account*
" of the *Creation*, a *Jumble of Absurdities*; and in brand-
" ing the *Scriptures* with abounding with palpable *Con-*
" *tradictions*."

Not

Not sweet as NESTOR's * Honey dropping Tongue
 His Accents flow'd, and thro' th' enraptur'd Ear
 Stole in the Breast and triumph'd o'er the Soul: 565
 But with a BRRING TON e, he fault'ring spoke.

* Tho' Mr. OZELL, as appears from a Note in the *Dunciad*, asserts, that his Translation of HOMER was far preferable to that of POPE's, yet I will challenge him to produce one Sentence translated with half the Elegance of this by my Cousin POUNCE; let the learned Reader compare them with the Original:

Τοῖσι δὲ Νέστωρ

Ἡδυσπῆς ἀνόρησε, λιγὺς Πυλίων ἀγορητῆς, ἔ
 Τῷ κὶ ἀπὸ γλῶσσης μέλιτος γλυκίων ῥέεν αὐδῆ.

ILIAD. A. 247.

The Word λιγὺς in the second Line, seems to have been misunderstood by most Commentators, and Translators, being generally taken for *Sbrill*: But in the Name of Heavens! how can this be reconciled with the *honey'd Sweetness* in the Third Verse? It might indeed, in this Respect, be expressive of the Eloquence of *Billingsgate*, or of that of a Domestic Orator, called a Scold; but this could never be the Poet's Meaning when applying it to NESTOR. The Word must be applied in some other Sense, and what more significative, than that of the Poet, a BRRING TON e, like to that of a *Grasshopper*; which is in another Place celebrated by our Poet for its *Harmony*; and unless I forget, by the same Word which is made Use of in the Passage above quoted.

T. BUSBY.

" None who e'er knew me, knew an Hypo-
 " crite:
 " My Thoughts are pictur'd in each flowing
 " Word,
 " And ev'ry Word, a Picture of my Life.
 " Yet when I hear *Religion's* boasted Name, 570
 " I smile, and pity ev'ry *praying* Fool.
 " What is *Religion*, but the *Trade* of *Priests* ?
 " What *Irreligion* but the *Trade* of *Priests* ?
 " By both alike the *sable Monarchs* thrive.
 " He who was curs'd unto immortal Fame, 575
 " Author of dire *Leviathan*, ev'n he
 " For thirty Years maintain'd the *hireling Tribe*,
 " Who but for him on *Piety* had starv'd.
 " If *Irreligion* thus *supports* the wise,
 " Say then what Use *Religion* can afford ? 580
 " Shall *Puppies* in a Pulpit tweak my Nose ?
 " Frown not, O *President*, at what I say ;
 " Oft in the Pulpit have I *Puppies* seen,
 " Who seem'd the Tyrants of the list'ning Crowd,
 " Who now from St. JOHN may new Laurels win
 585
 " And

“ And with their Laurels twine the *Sybil's Branch* *.

“ St. JOHN, I bow at thy much envy'd Name,

“ A Stranger, but a Friend to all thy Thoughts,

“ Tho' not a Stranger to the learned Tribe.

“ Nor Bard nor Poet, or politic Wight, 590

“ Has past unseen to these Book-wearing Eyes

“ But thou alone ; and Sicknefs, kind to thee,

“ Shall open all thy Stores, and make thee mine.

“ Then let *Religion* veil her *smould'ring* Fires,

“ Kept up like VESTA's by the Aid of *Fraud*. 595

* 'Squire POUNCE alludes to the *Golden Branch* recommended by the *Sybil* in VIRGIL, as a safe Passport to the infernal Regions. The Sentiments in this Speech were taken down, as he spoke on a Question very lately debated in the *Society*: “ Whether the late Collection of “ *Lord BOLINGBROKE's Works*, would be of any Service, “ or reflect *Honour* on this Nation.” The Compliment indeed he passes on the *Clergy*, by stiling them PUPPIES, and insisting on the Term, notwithstanding the *President's* Frown, was minuted when he spoke as a Second to the *Inquisitor*, in Support of his Charge against Dr. CLARKE, mentioned in the *Preface*, Page 15, and again hinted at in the Note of Page 54. We are amazed, however, that no *obscene* Pun, or Conundrum is inserted in the Speech ; but this may have happened, because 'Squire POUNCE blush'd more to *write* them, than our NESTOREAN Sage to *speak* them.

T. BUSBY.

“ To

“ To whom but *Priests* dost thou or Aid bestow,
 “ Or Wealth ?—then let the *Mercenary Priest*
 “ Alone, adorn thy Shrine, and chant thy Praise.”

Say Muse, the Man too Pious for this Rout * ;
 Too learn'd for Infidelity ; too wise 600
 To

* Our Author here appears in a very *amiable* Light ; for tho' a *Satire* on Infidels, is a tacit *Panegyric* on the Friends of Revelation ; yet lest the little Critics should think, that he took more Pleasure in Censure, than in Praise, he has now introduced an Encomium on a Person who really deserves it. He is very justly compared to the ABDIEL of MILTON, and merits more Commendation than is proper for our Poet to bestow on him. His Abilities are certainly very great, nor is his Piety less. His Discourses argue a profound Knowledge of the *Greek* and *Latin Classics* ; and he appears not less read in *Men* than in *Books*. The Speech ascribed to him is with great *Propriety* taken from that of NESTOR in the VIII. Book of the ILIAD, beginning at the 96th Verse, and co-incides with the favourite *Foible* of the Speaker, which is opposite to that of CATO in SALLUST, *esse quam videri*, for he chooses not only to *be*, but likewise to *seem* learned. This Peculiarity, is observed by the Poet, in the Apostrophe to Religion, which is an Imitation of TULLY in the TUSCULAN, “ *Q Vita Philosophiæ Dux, &c.*” The Sentiments with Respect to the “ Advan-
 “ tage of inculcating *Morality* upon the Principles of
 “ *Revelation*,” are what he delivered in an *Oration* on
 that

To think his Line of Reason was design'd

To fathom *Godhead's* never fathom'd Depth !

Like MILTON's ABDIEL, " faithful is he found

" Among the Faithless, faithful only *He* ;

" Among innumerable false, unmov'd, 605

" Unshaken, unseduc'd, untterrify'd ;

that Subject, as may be seen by the Book of Questions kept in the *Society*. And there, likewise, the Reader will inform himself of the Reason of our Author's Characterizing him, under the Name of OTHO ; the Name he subscribed his Thesis with. As I am on so amiable a Topic, permit me, gentle Reader, to linger a little longer, in Order to do Justice to so worthy a Person. As we have described him to be of a *Saturnine* Countenance, we are afraid of his being mistaken for another Person of the same Complexion, who was the PROTEUS of the INQUISITION (a Place described in a former Note) a Person who appeared in the Cloaths of a Female, and spoke in that Character, in Order to *earn* the Supper and Bottle, which was generously bestowed by the INQUISITOR. But there is a great Difference between the two. OTHO is a Man of *Learning* ; PROTEUS is a *Smatterer*. OTHO speaks with *Gravity* ; PROTEUS like a *Buffoon*. The former endeavours to inform the *Judgment* ; the other to raise a *Laugh* : The one is a Patron of *Innocence* ; the other the Author of Remarks on C—N—G's *Trial*. OTHO is the Favourite of the Discerning ; PROTEUS of the Giddy ; and while OTHO merits the Praise of every One, PROTEUS is too insignificant to be taken Notice of by any.

" His

" His Loyalty he kept, his Love, his Zeal:

" Nor Number, nor Example with him wrought

" To swerve from Truth, or change his constant

" Mind,

" Tho' single."—Black was his honest Countenance,

610

His Wig was black; and in his Bosom dwelt

His silent Hand; while from his Lips descend

With Accent grave, as from the sacred Lips,

Of Priest Oracular, the Golden Lore.

" Hail glorious *Preses*! Guide of Reaf'ners

" hail!

515

" With Thee my Speech begins, with Thee shall

" end,

" For o'er this Circle thou dost rule supreme,

" And Reason gave that Sceptre to thy Hand,

" And eke her Laws, that thou might'st still the

" Voice

" Of Infidelity, and check her Friends.

620

" 'Tis thine to speak the Dictates of thy Soul:

" 'Tis thine to lend an Ear when Justice bids

" Another speak, and to enforce His Thought.

" Thy

" Thy Smile is Truth, and Error is thy Frown.

" Yet will I speak what Right my Soul esteems :

625

" Fix'd is the Thought and rivetted by Time ;

" By Time which gives to Truth increasing Charms,

" And steals from Error all her borrow'd Plumes.

" *Religion* hail ! thou Guardian of our Lives !

" Foundress of States, of Law, Protectress fair !

630

" Virtues strong Rock, and Reason's noblest Guide !

" Without thy Aid, each social Tye is lost !

" Without thy Aid, the Laws would threat in

" vain !

" Without thy Aid, this World were drown'd in

" Blood !

" Without thy Aid, Man wou'd no more be Man !

635

" Freed from the Fear of *Hell*, or Hope of *Heav'n*,

" Life were a Load, and Being were a Curse.

" When Misery with Hope-destroying Stake

" Impales the Wretch, and Horror wings the

" Soul,

" Thy Balm affords Relief, allays the Pain, 640

N

" And

" And bids the harmless Weapon quit the Wound."

" When Fortune, and when Plenty loads the
" Board,

"Thou on the Altar of the human Heart."

"Doſt light a Flame, that tow'ring to the Clouds,

“Exhales an Incense grateful to the Skies. 645

" If Foes encrease, thou bid'st their Rancour end."

" If Dangers threat, Faith lends her ample Shield,

“ Defies her Threats, and frowns them into Blifs.

“ Ev’n Death, who plucks the Planets from the
“ Skies,

“ Owns Thy superior Might, foregoes his Sting ;
650

“ And the proud Grave, victorious o’er our Clay

“ At Thy Command, his laurel'd Chaplet quits,

“ Returns the Shroud, and growling leaves his
“ Prey.

“ Then why should *Priests*, the Heralds of thy
“ Throne,

"By brainless Wights be branded with Contempt?"

" By Wights who dare to lavish blushing Praise
" On

" On antient Sages, Tutors of Mankind ?

" Dark Tutors they in Reason's glimm'ring Day!

" But Priests, as Fables of PROMETHEUS sing,

" From Heav'n derive their Fire, and nobly shine

660

" Like Heav'ns bright Gems, in Autumn's Cloud-

" less Skies.

" Say mighty Reaf'ners, baptiz'd Infidels,

" Who dress in Folly's Garb, and idly dream

" That Wisdom's Robe upon your Shoulder shines,

" Say when tempestuous Passions tear the Soul,

665

" Cloud Reason's Beam, and put out Wisdom's

" Light,

" Can the thin Cobweb, spun by subtle Brains

" Outlive the Storm, and dare the Tempest's Rage?

" Yet when to Reason's Aid, *Religion* joins,

" And in her left Hand gives the red'ning Bolt,

670

" Or in her Right, Eternal Bliss consigns,

" Nor Life nor Death can move the stable Soul :

" Nor Life nor Death impart, or Hope or Fear.

“ Unmov’d, we pass, as ISRAEL’s *Patriarch* erst,
 “ And make this World a Ladder to the Skies.

675

“ *Worship*, whatever *purblind Deists* deem,
 “ *Worship’s* the noblest *Converse* of the Soul ;
 “ It opens Heav’ns irradiating Doors,
 “ Admits us to the Audience of the God ;
 “ Makes him our *Friend*, and makes us truly
 “ great.

680

“ Is it an *Honour* for the Rustic Swain
 “ To sit in Council with the Scepter’d Chief ?
 “ How great the *Honour* then, to talk with Him,
 “ *Who is the KING of KINGS and LORD of LORDS!*
 “ *Religion* shortens Sorrow’s Thorny Road *, 685
 “ Dispels

* This instructive Speech of OTHO, which proceeds from real Piety, and which he delivers with such graceful Energy, certainly merits the Applause of the Devout, and the Judicious. Any Person who defends the Cause of *Religion*, demands our Attention, challenges our Esteem, and extorts our Applause. But when it is judiciously handled, and clearly illustrated, by a Man whose Life is a Comment on his Doctrine, it compels us to honour him, and to esteem him. As OTHO’s Sentiments in this Speech are exactly similar to those of Mr. HOBSON, in his excellent

“ Dispels the Gloom which darks our sunless Days,
 “ Plucks from the Heart the Arrow of Despair,
 “ Matures the Seeds of Virtue in the Soul,
 “ Gives Reason Wings, and bids her scale the
 “ Skies !

“ More would I say, but who alas ! can sound 690
 “ This endless Sea, or half its Stores exhaust ?
 “ Yet in Obedience to thy scepter'd Nod,
 “ I stop the Current of my flowing Theme,
 “ * *And glory in the Thoughts I have not spoke.*”

Thus

lent Poem, quoted in the Note to the 30th Page, I hope I may be permitted to adorn this Note, with a few Lines extracted from it. Speaking of the Benefits accruing from the *Christian System*, he says,

—————“ SALVATION reigns
 “ Victorious : No impending *Horrors* chill,
 “ No dubious *Fears* distract the parting Soul.
 “ Unshaken at the Prospect of the *Grave*,
 “ She smiles on Death grim-glaring, and *defies*
 “ *Its pointless Sting* : In her Existence fix'd,
 “ From Hell's dread Tyrant bound in penal Chains,
 “ For ever free, she spurns the sordid Earth,
 “ And soars to untry'd Being, wing'd with Joy,
 “ With *certain Hope* to pass thro' *darker Realms*,
 “ And land secure in Regions *crown'd with Light*.”

* Who knows not this is an Imitation of that Line in
 Dr. YOUNG's *Universal Passion* ?

“ And

Thus OTHO spoke, the Friend of GOD and
Man! 695

SATAN with Pain had heard him, and with Fear
 His *Pandemonium* to the Centre shook.

Grieving, he saw his Fraudful Wiles destroy'd ;
 Saw Truth, like Morning's Rosy-tinctur'd Rays,
 Break o'er the Soul, and spread Celestial Day. 700
 His Friends with Blushes honour'd OTHO's Lore,

“ And glory in the Verse I did not write,”

As it is harder to delineate the *Charms* of a VENUS, than the *Form* of a DEVIL, so the Author seems to have exerted more of his Abilities in this *amiable Character*, than in that of any other : And from hence he has shewn the true Principle, which engaged him in this Undertaking ; a LOVE of RELIGION, and a DETESTATION of INFIDELITY. The Characters of his *Infidels*, seem to have flow'd unwilling from his Pen ; but that of the *Religionist*, whilst it triumphed in his Heart, seems to have animated his Quill with an invincible Pleasure. Nor while he has shown a particular Fondness for OTHO, has he shewn an Affection for an *unworthy Object*. His Learning, his Elocution, his Reasoning, his Devotion, challenge every one's Esteem ; and he appears in our Author's Work, what he is in Life, a Personage brought into Being for the *Instruction* of the Ignorant, the *Entertainment* of the Wise, the *Destruction* of Infidelity, and the *Support* of Revealed Religion.

R. SEWIL.

With'd

Wish'd they cou'd speak with him, and steal his
Thoughts;

Yet with each Wish, Despair diffus'd her Bane,
Chain'd ev'ry Thought, and murder'd every Wish.

Around the Friend his glaring Eye-Balls roll'd,

705

But not Resource his glaring Eye-Balls met.

He fix'd on *LEO's ruddy-circled Face,

* For Fear the learned Reader should imagine this Society is a Collection of wild Beasts from this Name, we must acquaint him, that he is not the only Man that has been called so; the Line in MARTIAL

"Dic mihi si LEO tu fueras, qualis eras?"

Shews that he has had many a two legg'd Ancestor. If it be asked, why he is introduced among the ORATORS, when he never was known to speak in the Society? It is reply'd, that his Works speak for him. To say he was never an Author of any Work, is a mere Quibble: For tho' he has not Abilities enough to compose, he has enough to epitomize. A Person who knows how to *hast* a Leg of Mutton, is as much a Cook as one who knows how to roast one. And LEO deserves as much the Name of an Author, for his Principles of NATURAL LOGIC, as his Father for His Piece on "The INFALLIBILITY of 'HUMAN JUDGMENT,' one is as much a Friend to Revelation, as the other, and one shews as little Discretion as the other does.

ADAMS.

SH

And

And with his Eyes provok'd him to the Fight.
 LEO uprofe and shook his brindled Main,
 Thrice open'd he his Mouth, but thrice in vain
 710

He op'd his Mouth, by Nature Speech deny'd :
 Yet what he durst, he nobly did,—he wrote :
 And as he crouched low, his Paper dropp'd,
 With many a *borrow'd* Quibble thick array'd,
 And NAT'RAL LOGIC, on the Cover shone. 715

The Fiend thus disappointed, once more roams
 In Quest of Aid, and startled to behold
 MACBROAD; MACBROAD by Fiends and—design'd
 To rival SATAN in his Hate of God.

Oft had the Fiends in their Aerial Flight 720
 Stopp'd where he stopp'd, and where he walked,
 walk'd :

Obedient waited on his dire Behest,
 And by Mistake ador'd him for their *Chief*,
 So like his *Blasphemies* to SATAN's seem'd,
 So like his *Sophistry*, so like his *Wiles* ; 725
 And when with Pride his thoughtless Bosom swell'd
 His Port resembled SATAN's lofty Port,

He

He seem'd another SATAN or the SAME *.

With many an Air uncouth, and Gesture wild,

Wriggling he forwards came, and in his Hand 730

A Box he bore, wherein the pungent Dust

* A happy Imitation this, of that trite *Latin* Expression, "*alter et idem.*" The Person whom it is apply'd to, seems indeed to be entirely *imaginary*; and is a *Jeu d'Esprit*,—an *Ens Rationis*. I am sorry it is not in my Power to inform the *Reader* whom the Character is designed for. But in Order to find out, what I have not been able to do with my literary Researches, though more fatiguing than those of the Author of "*The Enquiry into the Life and Writings of HOMER,*" I have invented the following Expedient: Let every one of the *Orators* of the ROBIN-HOOD, read the Speech and Character by themselves, and be so ingenuous as *honest BIBO*, who was so undisguised as to own, that tho' the SPEECH ascribed to him, was entirely *Chimerical*, yet he was *certain*, that the CHARACTER was HIS; and for Fear any one should make a *Misapplication*, I must desire, that the Person stiled a *Tobacconist* by the *Craftsman*, will not appropriate this Character to himself: For tho' indeed he is a *Scot* as well as MACBROAD, he knows he is no *Scholar*. He continually exclaims against PRIESTCRAFT it is true, but never in the Terms of MACBROAD. It remains therefore a Doubt with me whether the *Tobacconist* of the *Craftsman*, and the MACBROAD of *Squire POUNCE* are "*alter et idem.*"

T. BUSBY.

Of Dutch Rapee in gaudy State reclin'd*.

Of would he ope the Lid, and oft immerge

His

* That most elegant Writer, MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS, in his Treatise *πρὸς βάβυς*; or, the ART of SINKING in POETRY, has so clearly evinced, and strongly recommended the *ψ*, or the SUBLIME, as must undoubtedly convince every one of its Beauty. PETER POUNCE, *Esq*; is a great Admirer of that Work, I can plainly perceive. He has followed his Precepts so closely, and imitated the Examples that great Critic has produced so judiciously, as must give a most sensible Pleasure to all true Lovers of the PROFUND. To illustrate this Assertion, give me Leave to cite a Passage or two, from the same SCRIBLERUS. Speaking of the Beauty of the PROFUND, he says, "Will not every true Lover of it, be delighted to behold the most vulgar and low Actions of Life, exalted in the following Manner?"

Who knocks at the Door?
For whom thus rudely pleads my loud-tongu'd Gate,
That he may enter?

See who is there?
Advance the fringed Curtains of thy Eyes,
And tell me who comes yonder?

Light the Fire.

Bring forth some Remnant of *Promethean* Theft
Quick to expand th' inclement Air, congeal'd
By *Boreas's* rude Breath.

Snuff the Candle,

Yon'

His Fingers ; sweet Supply of stagnant Thought!

Him, nor the *English* Muse with Speech inspir'd,

735

Nor *Scotia's* Highland Clime ; but blent with both

His Language flow'd, as neighb'ring Kennels flow,

|| Nor tell the Alleys whence they take their Course.

“ *When I consider, * Mr. President, the Wiles*

O 2

Of

Yon' Luminary Amputation needs ;

Thus shall you save its half-extinguish'd Life.

Open the Letter.

Wax ! Render up thy Truff.

To these great Instances of the *βάθος*, give me Leave
to add that of our Bard ; and when another Edition of
that useful Work is published, I hope to see this inserted
amongst the Rest.

He took Snuff.

———— in his Hand

A Box he bore, wherein the pungent Dust

Of *Dutch* Rapee, in gaudy State reclin'd.

Oft would he ope the Lid, and oft immerge

His Fingers, &c.

J. SWIFTLY.

* It is a thrice notable Remark I have somewhere
met with, that a Man who hath habituated himself to
any Practice, cannot but with the greatest Difficulty con-

quer

" Of *Priests*, the Carnage by their Dictates caus'd,

" 'Tis then I dread their barbarous Civility,

" And with Mankind wou'd with their Optics see ;

" See for themselves, and scorn their *blund'ring*

" *Guides*.

quer it. The wisest of Men also gives his Suffrage to this Opinion, by saying, "*Train up a Child in the Way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.*" A Sentence worthy to be wrote in Gold ! This Observation is well verified by the Man characterized under the Name of *MACBROAD* ; for this *Orator*, never maketh any Speech or *Preachment*, but that he beginneth such Speech or *Preachment* with, *When I consider*, &c. He talketh also about *PRIESTCRAFT*, &c. and rails against it vehemently. The *PRIESTHOOD* he also treateth with Contempt, but he speaketh the most unseemly, against *REVEALED RELIGION*. This me-seemeth is owing to the having accustomed himself to this Practice ; and from the same Cause arises his peculiar Idiotisms of the aforesaid, *When I consider ; é contra ; in futuro ; ab Origine*, &c. &c. all which he introduceth into his Speeches, be the Subjects what they will. As the Observation which hath caused this Note is founded on Truth, and in *MACBROAD's* Language, "*In the Nature and Reason of Things*," I would humbly propose, that instead of acting in the Manner of the *ROBINHOODIANS*, as they are denominated, we should act vertuously and piously, that so we might be accustomed to walk in so good a Path we should have no Reason to desire to quit it.

HEARNE.

" *E Contra*

- “ *E Contra*, when I backward trace the Rolls
 “ Of deep Antiquity, what charming Scenes 745
 “ Beam on my Soul, and rapture ev’ry Sense!
 “ The Folio of Omniscience wide display’d,
 “ In ev’ry Creature call’d from Nothing’s Womb,
 “ Leads up to *Nature’s Law* and *Nature’s God*.
 “ No Comment needs th’ enquiring Mind to learn
 750
 “ The *Deity’s* Behests, * but all illumines

Like

* This *Orator*, so famous for dignifying *Reason* and depreciating *Revelation*, I shall beg Leave to set in a Contrast with the Sentiments of an ingenious Author of the present Age, who is so far from agreeing with MACBROAD in the Sufficiency and Purity of *human Reason* in former Times, that after speaking largely of its *Corruption* and *Insufficiency*, he says,

- “ The Philosophic Wit, the deep-read Sage,
 “ *Immortal Sons of REASON*, ne’er could form
 “ A Plan of MORAL WISDOM, just and true:
 “ System compar’d with System, still each jarr’d
 “ With each, yet center’d all in this — they *Err’d*.
 “ Not less bewilder’d in surrounding Shades
 “ Of Ignorance, *from whence his BEING rose*,
 “ And what his FINAL END, Man blindly walk’d
 “ The Maze of Life.”

And

" Like the Meridian Sun, and lights the Soul. "

" 'Twas then, when Priests of blind Obedience
" fond,

" Fond of their Mammon, and superior Pow'r,

" Deter'd the Crowd from studying *Nature's*
Book, 755

" True Knowledge sickned, and *Religion* dy'd. "

" Call the fair Monster *PRIESTIANITY*;

" *Religion's* Name can never be its right:

" Untaught the one declines, the other glows.

" Consider we the Frauds of *Egypt's* Clime, 760

And after demonstrating, that the greatest Sages of Anti-
quity, could not be assured of the great and glorious Truths,
which are now universally assented to, concludes,

" Thus dark was *Reason*; tho' at first infus'd

" Spotless and pure; nor could it re-assume

" By *Native Force*, that bright congenial Beam

" Which opes *Eternity* to Mortal Man."

I could heartily wish that the Nature of this Work
would permit me to quote more largely from so excellent
a Poem, in Support of the greatest Truth and the greatest
Consolation, conveyed in the most nervous and beautiful
Language. I must beg Leave to say of this Work, as
Mr. HARVEY, in a Note says, of Dr. YOUNG's
Night Thoughts,

" *Tecum vivere amem, Tecum obeam libens.*"

R. SEWIL.

" The

- “ The Mental Tyranny of *Romish* Priests; old A ”
 “ The Wrecks and Murders wrought by Teaching ”
 “ Elves, ”
 “ Or in *Peruvia*’s Clime, or in our Own; ”
 “ Shall we then say *Religion* breathes of God, ”
 “ Quells the hot Passions in their fierce Career, 765 ”
 “ Softens the Human Breast and stores the Soul ? ”
 “ Fraud *ab Origine* was always Fraud, ”
 “ And Fraud shall *in futuro* be the same. ”
 “ Oh had I cull’d from FARNABY his Flow’rs, ”
 “ His Flow’rs wou’d fade on *Priest-craft*’s fatal ”
 “ Brows ! ” 770
 “ *Priest-craft*, the Bane of social Joy and Bliss, ”
 “ The Fate of Sense, and Reason’s deadly Foe. ”
 “ Nor do I stand alone ; a Thousand Wights ”
 “ Under this Banner fight *, as SAMPSON strong, ”
 “ Able ”

* The Prevalence and Universality of *Infidelity*, has been well observed by a pious Dignitary of our Church, to be no Proof of its *Excellence*, but the *Wickedness* of its *Professors*. And tho’ these Gentlemen boast of their Strength ever so vain-gloriously, yet I will be so bold to affirm, that *Religion* defies their Menaces, and derides their

- “ Able to shake its tott’ring Structure down, 775
 “ Too wise themselves amidst the Fall to flay.
 “ Shall I or CHUBB or TYNDALL dare to name ?
 “ Shall I of COLLINS or of MORGAN speak ?
 “ True Sons of Truth, who scorning Pontiff Pride
 “ Shook of the Yoke of Ignorance, and burst 780
 “ The Chains which Rome had cast upon the Soul.
 “ Hail glorious Lights ! to you we owe the Rise
 “ Of fallen Reason, “ *glorious from its Fall !*”

their Threats. It is built on a *Rock*, against which, not the *Emissaries* of, but even the *DEVIL* himself, shall not prevail. It has been the constant Practice of some Christian Writers, to represent Human Nature worse than it really is, and these are sadly afraid, that *Religion* is in Danger therefrom. The pious and excellent Mr. HERBERT, generally called the *Divine* HERBERT, or HERBERT *the Divine*, was of this Opinion ; but, as I think, without Cause. He represents *Religion* as standing on *Tiptoe*, ready to fly away, but we find that his Fears were ill founded ; and that *Religion* still Triumphs in the Heart of many of its Professors, and is always victorious over the open Hostilities, and subtle and close-contrived Artifices of its Adversaries ; and if we will confide in the cheering Promises of GOD himself, we shall know, that he will never forsake his Cause, nor suffer it to be vanquished by any Force whatever.

P. POUNCE.

“ O may

“ O may I live to spread your Lore and Praise !

“ Your Lore that tunes my Voice, and guides

“ my Life !”

785

He finish'd, and the grave-Fac'd Ruler rose,

Sated with Nonsense, and inflate with Pride.

“ Well have ye spoke, my Brethren,” then he
cry'd :

“ Well have ye fathom'd Reason's deep-worn *Well*,

“ And in the *Bucket* brought up *radiant Truth*. 790

“ How shall I dare amidst the *Bran* of Right,

“ To sep'rate Reason's *Flour*? how amidst

“ The vast *Ferment* collect the *Yeast* of Truth ?

“ Great is the Task, but greater is the Prize ;

“ And greater than the Prize my Courage glows.

795

“ Say have the Foes of Piety display'd

“ Ought of her Charms, or of their Judgment

“ ought ?

“ No-'midst their Batt'ries she unhurt hath stood,

“ Nor felt their Thunder, nor their Swords be-

“ moan'd ;

P

“ 'Twas

" 'Twas not *Religion*, but *Religion's Ape* 800
 " They dress in her Attire and crown'd with Thorns.
 " *Religion* is the Sov'reign of our Peace;
 " Her Beams are mild, her Dictates are serene:
 " Peace with her Olive Wand her Steps awaits,
 " And soft Humanity adorns her Train *. 805
 " Nor dwells with her or Cruelty or Spleen:
 " Her Day is Sunshine, all without a Cloud,
 " Her Night is silent, all without a Shock.
 " The Carnage wrought or in *Peruvia's* Climes,
 " *Lisbon's* warm Land, or fair *Britannia's* Isle, 810
 " Were not the Feats of her well-tutor'd Sons,
 " But the mad Freaks of *true Religion's* Foes.
 " But if the Names of Heroes gild the Truth,
 " A Cloud of Heroes in our Cause conspire,
 " Whose Names reflect an Honour on our Race. 815

* This is an Imitation of two Lines in Mr. POPE's
 MESSIAH.

" Peace o'er the World her Olive Wand extend,
 " And white-rob'd Innocence on Earth descend."

" Great

" Great NEWTON, Nature's deep Explorer speaks;

" Speaks too the Sun of Reason, Thoughtful

" LOCKE;

" BOYLE, SHERLOCK, CLARKE and WARBUR-

" TON, conjoin

" To vindicate *Religion's* noble Claim,

" And re-assert her Empire o'er Mankind. 820

" Thus have we done whate'er our Foes could do,

" *Exhibited a Character*, with them

" The *most sagacious*est of Mortals nam'd,

" And the *most bestest* shewn *Religion's* Friends *.

" But since nor Time nor Want of Sense permits

825

" A longer Speech, I close my grave Harangue,

" And wish you, as I us'd, a good Repose."

* To vindicate our Bard from the Charge of *Plagiarism*, which might be cast on him for using such a *peculiar* Dialect as these three Lines, which the President speaks, we refer the Reader to a Quotation from *The Memoirs of the ROBIN-HOOD SOCIETY*, at the Note of Page 37, and there he may also see the Reason of this *new-coined Language* of Mr. President.

T. BUSBY.

He

He ceas'd, and Hubbub wild, and jarring
 Noise
 Fill'd the dread Room, and never-ending Strife
 Resum'd her Throne, and spread her wild Domain.

F I N I S.



ERRATA.

At Page 7, Line 22, for "Whether the Author of the 107th Psalm," read "Whether the Author of the *Comment on, &c.*" p. 14. l. 10 and 11. for *it was*, read *they were*. In Note of p. 48. l. 3. for an I, read a T. In the Note of p. 53. for *Undum* read *Undam*. In the Note of p. 64. l. 23. for *Oracle* and *Circle*. P. 77. l. 8. for *Sights* read *Sighs*.

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In
53-
acle